

JULY 1945

VOL. 5 NO. 4

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# Shadow

## COMICS

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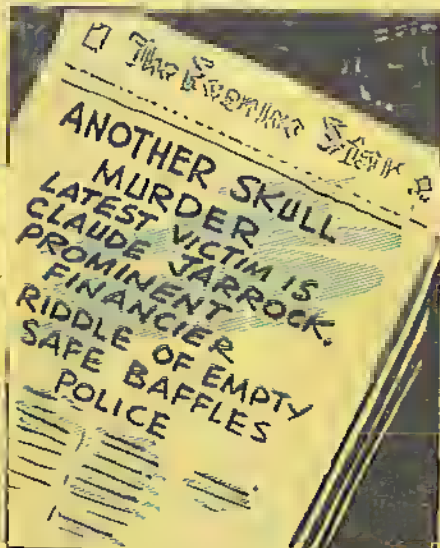
ANOTHER SKULL MURDER!  
Even Though The Empty Safe  
Riddle Baffles Police  
**THE SHADOW**  
Proves That  
**CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!!!**



# The Shadow and The Crystal Skull



Vol. 5: No. 4, July, 1945. SHADOW COMICS is published monthly by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Copyright, 1945, in U. S. A. and Great Britain by Street & Smith Publications, Inc. Registered as Second-class Matter, August 11, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Single copy 10 cents. \$1.00 for 12-issue subscription in the U. S. A.; in Pan American Union, \$1.25 for 12 issues; elsewhere, \$1.50 for 12 issues. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any material submitted must include return postage. The editorial contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and cannot be reprinted without the publishers' permission. All fictional characters mentioned in this magazine are fictitious. Any similarity in name or character to any real person is coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.





BUT HOW  
ARE WE  
GOING TO  
TRACE THE  
MONEY  
?

CRANSTON IS RIGHT!!! ALREADY,  
AT THE PRETENTIOUS HOME OF  
ONE THEOPHILUS THORNEAU, THE  
WEED OF CRIME IS REAPING  
FRUIT THAT HAS NOT YET TURNED  
BITTER!!!

VERY SIMPLY.  
TO COVER, UP  
SUCH FUNDS, THE  
MAN WHO GAINED  
THEM WILL MAKE SOME  
PECULIAR INVESTMENTS  
WE SHALL WATCH  
FOR SUCH!

WELL, NEBO, THERE  
COMES ANOTHER  
LOAD OF WEALTH  
THAT NOBODY  
WILL EVER  
TRACE!

YOU'RE  
SMART,  
MR.  
THORNEAU

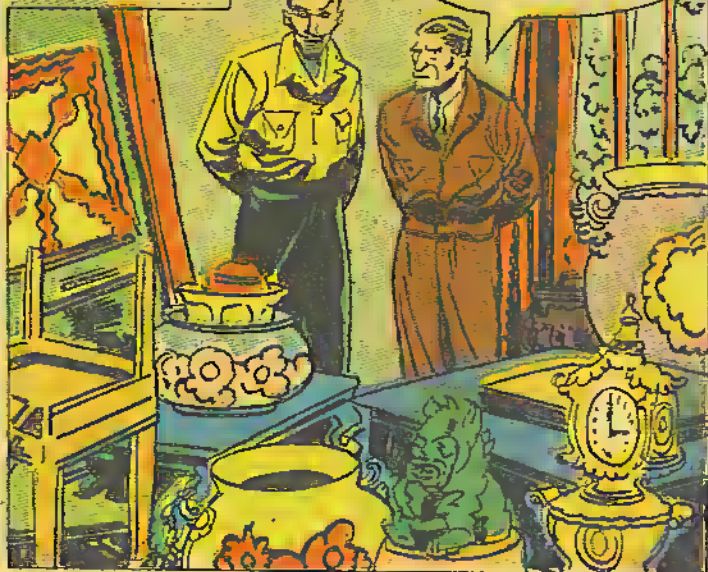
OF COURSE, I  
DESERVE SOME  
CREDIT FOR  
BUMPING OFF  
THOSE LUGS AFTER  
THEY FORKED  
OVER THE  
CASH

CERTAINLY,  
NEBO..

INVESTING THE MONEY  
IN ANTIQUES IS  
SOMETHING THAT  
NOBODY WILL  
SUSPECT!

AND BUMPING  
OFF THE GUYS  
WHO DELIVERED  
THE CASH, MEANS  
YOU GET ALL THE  
GRAYV... ONLY DON'T  
FORGET ME!

BUT IT WAS I WHO SOLD  
THEM ON THE IDEA THAT  
THE ORDER OF THE  
CRYSTAL SKULL WAS  
WORKING ONE FOR ALL...  
INSTEAD OF ALL FOR ONE...  
AND THAT ONE MYSELF!!



I WON'T FORGET YOU, NEBO, WHEN WE HAVE THE FINAL RECKONING

THANKS BOSS!

HOWEVER, JUDGING FROM EVENTS ELSEWHERE, THEOPHILUS THORNEAU AND HIS STOOGES, NEBO, MAY BE IN FOR A DIFFERENT SORT OF RECKONING THAN THEY EXPECT!!

EXCEPT THAT IT'S ALL OUT OF ANTIQUES! WHO'S BEEN BUYING THEM, HENRI?

WHAT A LOVELY ANTIQUE SHIP!

M'SIEU THORNEAU HAS BOUGHT MANY LATELY!

AND HE HAS BEEN BUYING FROM MANY OTHER DEALERS, TOO. NOW, HE SAYS THAT HE IS GOING TO SELL. WAIT... I SHALL GIVE YOU ONE OF HIS SPECIAL INVITATIONS

WHAT A LOT OF CARS! HOW ARE WE GOING TO WATCH EVERYBODY?

I'LL WATCH EVERYBODY EXCEPT THORNEAU. YOU KEEP TABS ON HIM, BUT REPORT BACK ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS!

You are invited to attend a showing of antiques in the collection of Theophilus Thorneau. Surplus items will be offered for sale.



AND NOW, IF YOU WILL  
STEP THIS WAY, I SHALL  
SHOW YOU ANOTHER ROOM  
OF REMARKABLE  
ANTIQUES...

I'LL BE  
SEEING  
YOU  
LATER,  
MARGO

LAMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW...

A LOOK AROUND THESE  
GROUNDS WILL BE VALUABLE  
FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

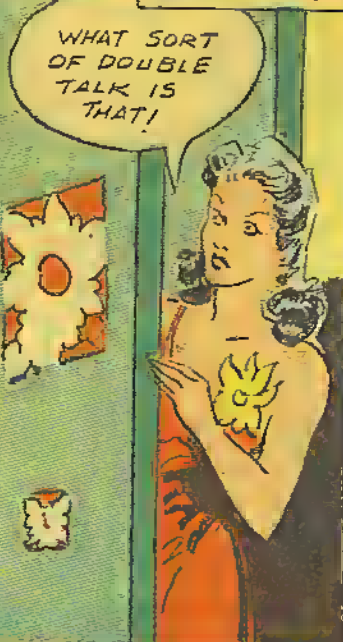
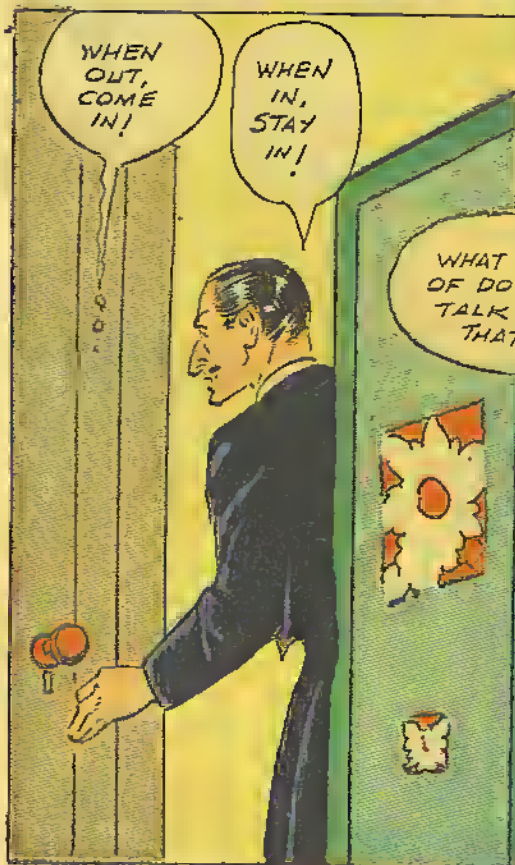
THIS  
WAY  
PLEASE, TO  
THE LAST  
ANTIQUE  
ROOM!

ALRIGHT,  
BOYS, GET  
'BUSY!

THERE GOES  
THORNEAU INTO  
HIS STUDY! I'M  
GOING TO FIND  
OUT WHY!

YES... THIS IS  
MR. THORNEAU...

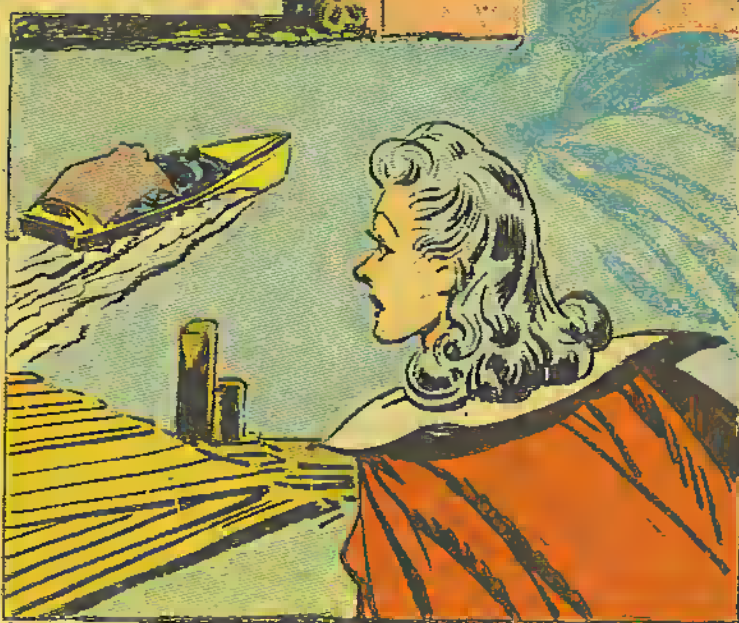
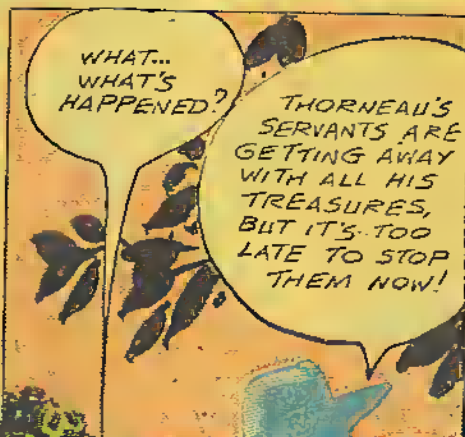
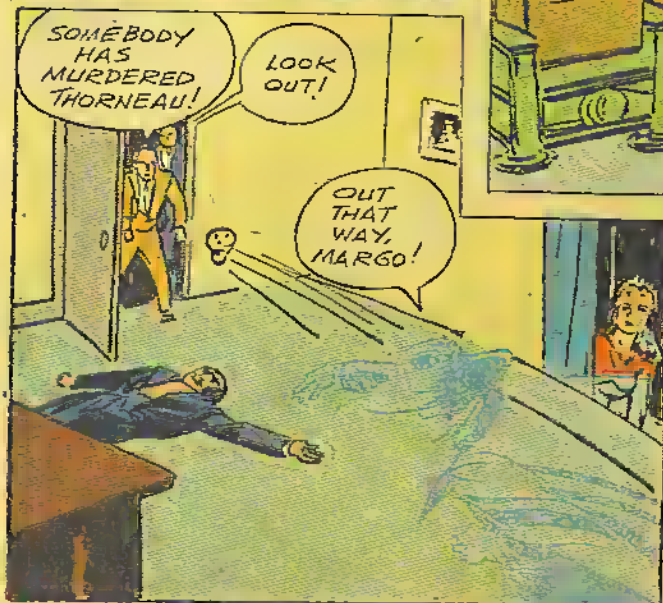
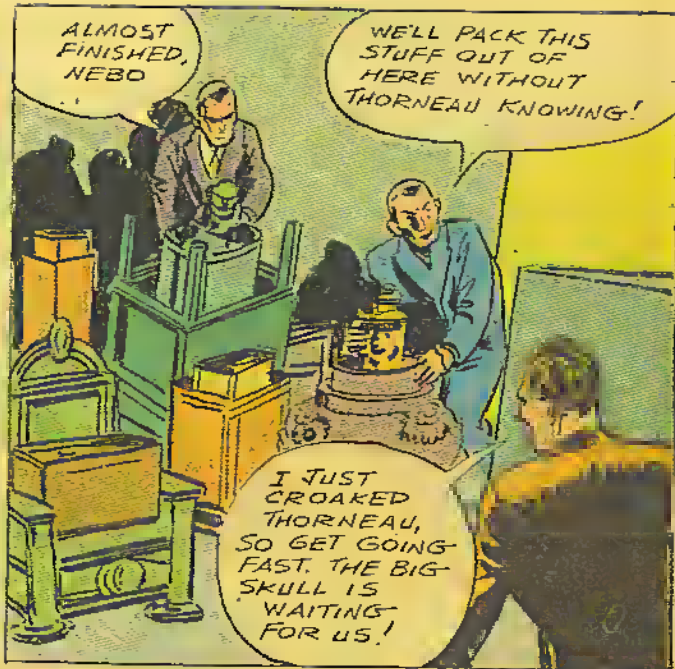
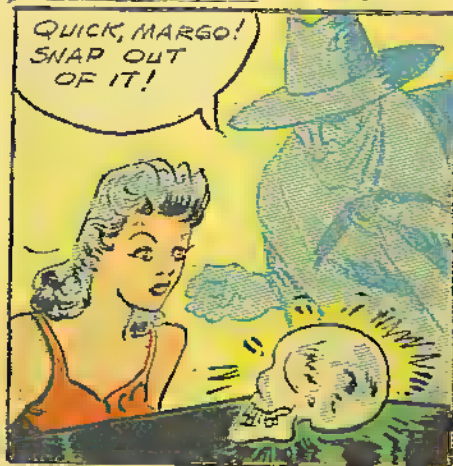
HE'S  
ANSWERING  
THE PHONE! I'LL  
LISTEN  
IN...











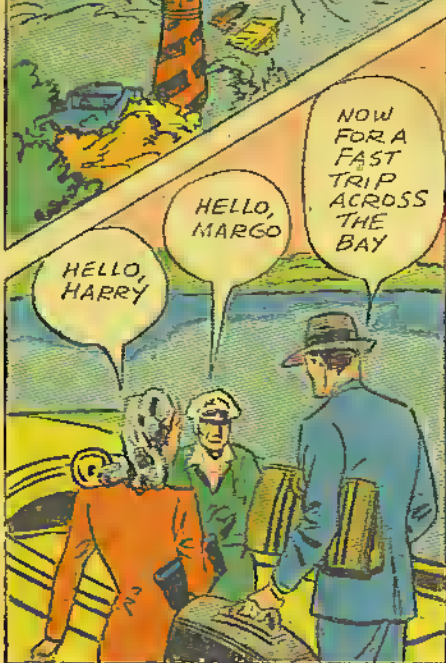
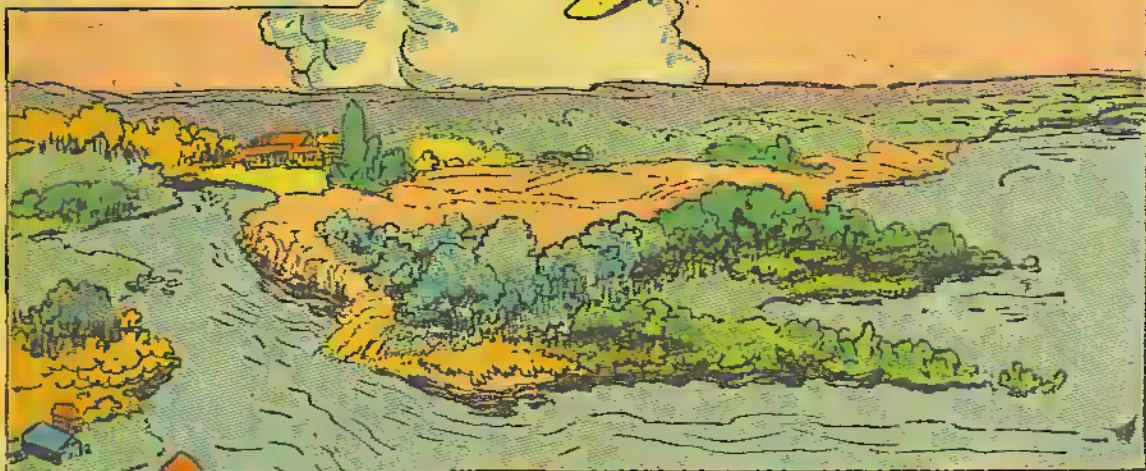


THE NEXT DAY

WHY ARE WE  
TAKING THIS  
PLANE TRIP,  
LAMONT?

BECAUSE I'VE  
CHECKED ON ALL  
OF THORNEAU'S  
FRIENDS AND  
THERE'S ONLY ONE  
WHOSE PLACE  
COULD BE  
REACHED BY  
BOAT

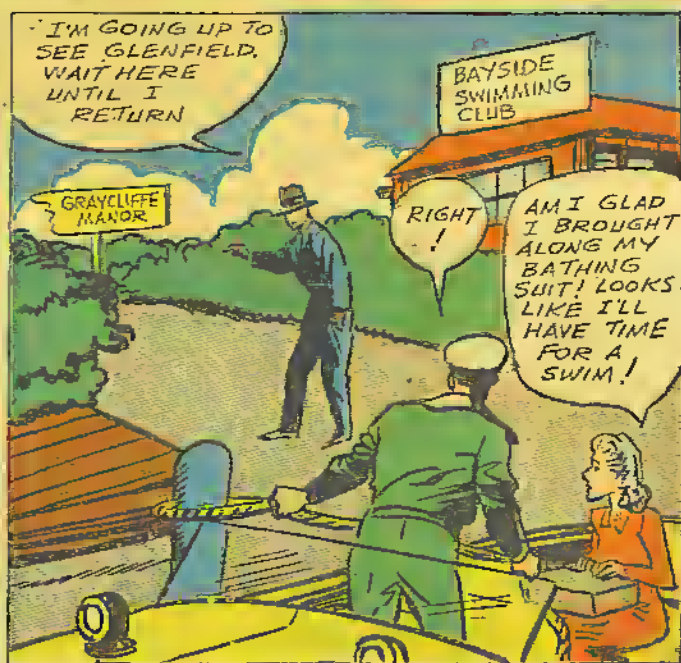
HIS NAME IS RUFUS GLENFIELD...  
THERE'S HIS PLACE... GRAYCLIFFE  
MANOR, ABOVE SHELTER BAY.  
THAT CHANNEL GOING AROUND  
THE CAPE IS CALLED LOST  
RIVER. HARRY VINCENT IS  
GOING TO MEET US IN A  
SPEED BOAT AND TAKE  
US OVER



HELLO,  
HARRY

HELLO,  
MARGO

NOW  
FOR A  
FAST  
TRIP  
ACROSS  
THE  
BAY



I'M GOING UP TO  
SEE GLENFIELD.  
WAIT HERE  
UNTIL I  
RETURN

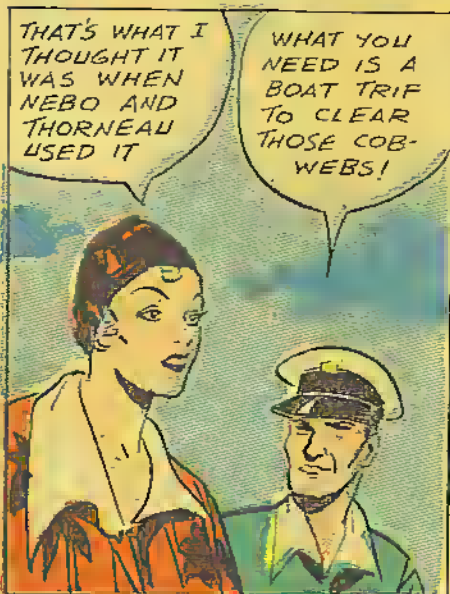
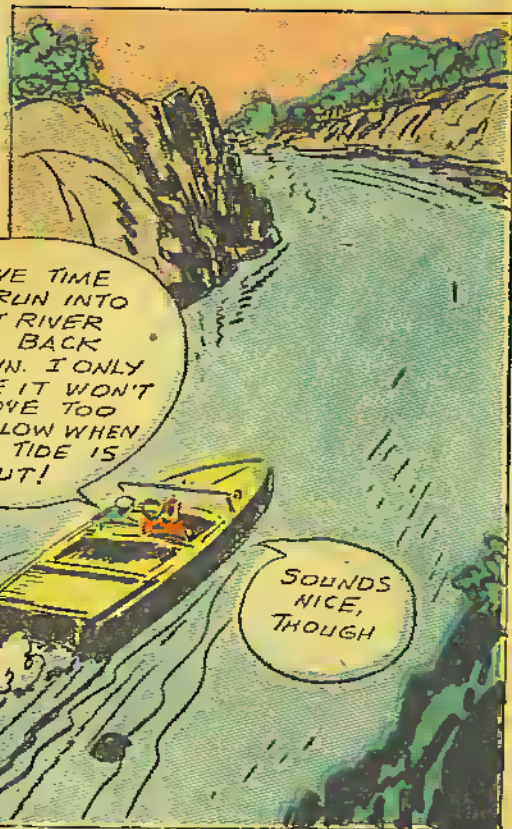
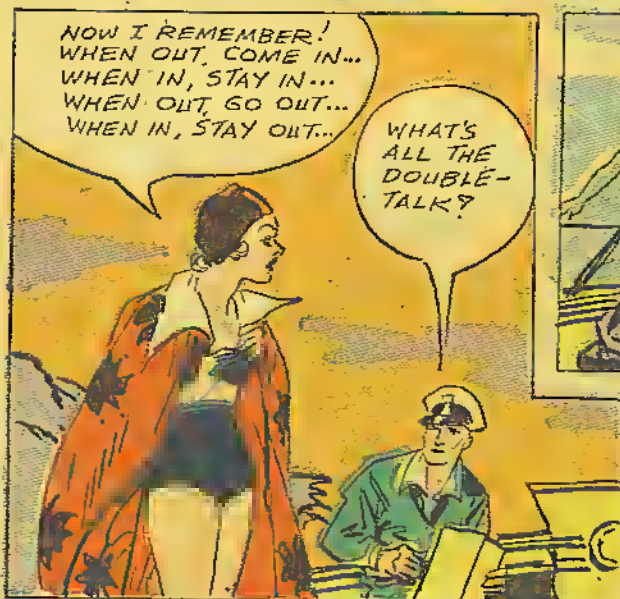
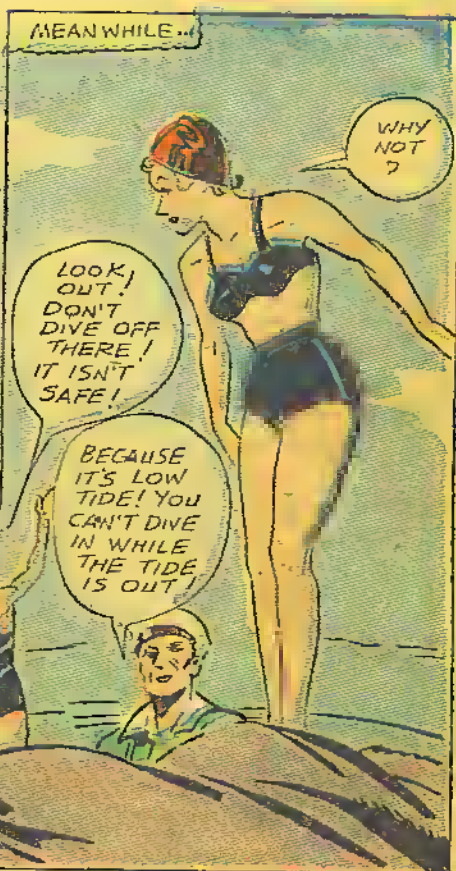
GRAYCLIFFE  
MANOR

BAYSIDE  
SWIMMING  
CLUB

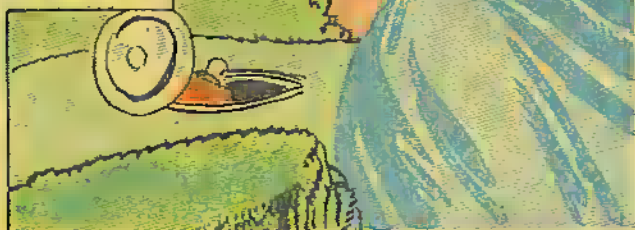
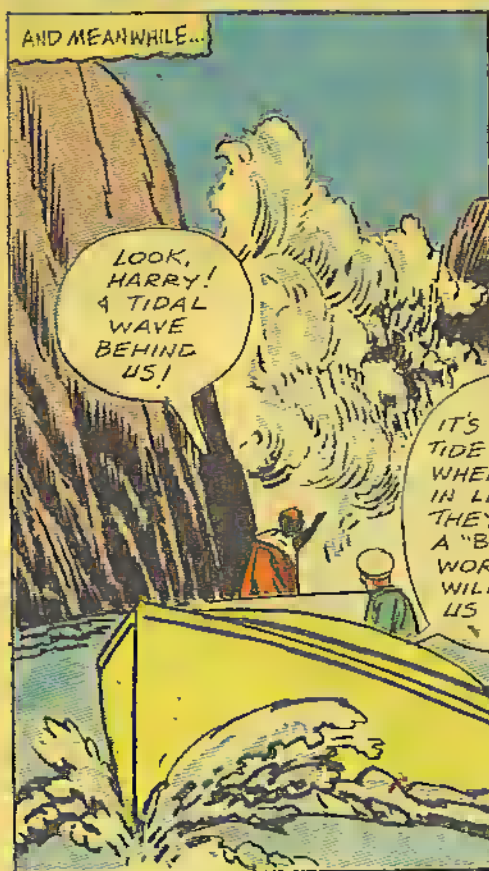
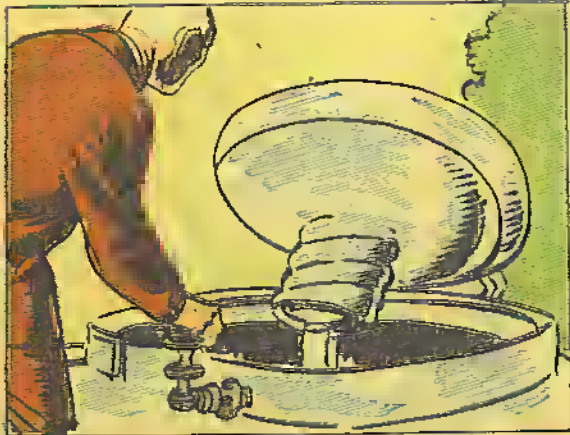
RIGHT  
!

AM I GLAD  
I BROUGHT  
ALONG MY  
BATHING  
SUIT! LOOKS  
LIKE I'LL  
HAVE TIME  
FOR A  
SWIM!









IT'S JUST THE TIDE COMING IN. WHEN IT COMES IN LIKE THAT, THEY CALL IT A "BORE." DON'T WORRY... IT WILL CARRY US ALONG



WHEN OUT GO  
OUT! BUT WE  
CAN'T GO OUT  
BECAUSE THE  
TIDE IS COMING  
IN!

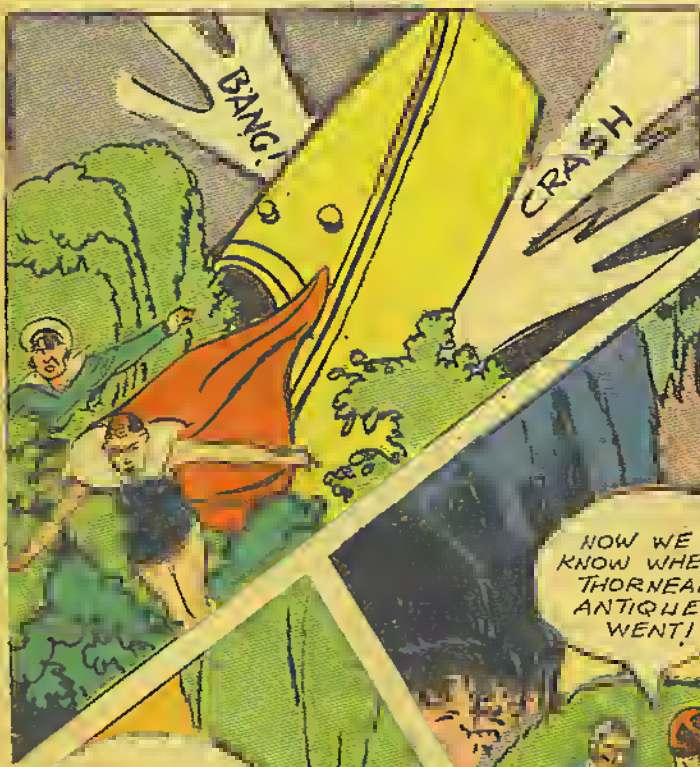
WHEN IN, STAY  
OUT! NOW THE  
TIDE IS COMING  
IN, BUT WE  
DIDN'T STAY  
OUT!

THAT'S WHAT  
IT MEANT!  
YOU'VE GOT  
IT, MARGO!

AND IT'S GOT  
US! LOOK HARRY...  
A DEAD-END DEATH'S  
HEAD DEAD AHEAD!

INTO THE JAWS OF  
DEATH RIDE HARRY  
AND MARGO TO  
LEARN THE REAL  
RIDDLE OF THE  
CRYSTAL SKULL !!!





WELCOME, STRANGERS!  
YOU HAVE SOLVED  
THE RIDDLE OF THE  
REAL CRYSTAL  
SKULL, AN UNDER-  
GROUND GROTTO  
WHERE I HAVE  
GATHERED THE WEALTH  
THAT FOOLS ACQUIRED  
FOR ME!

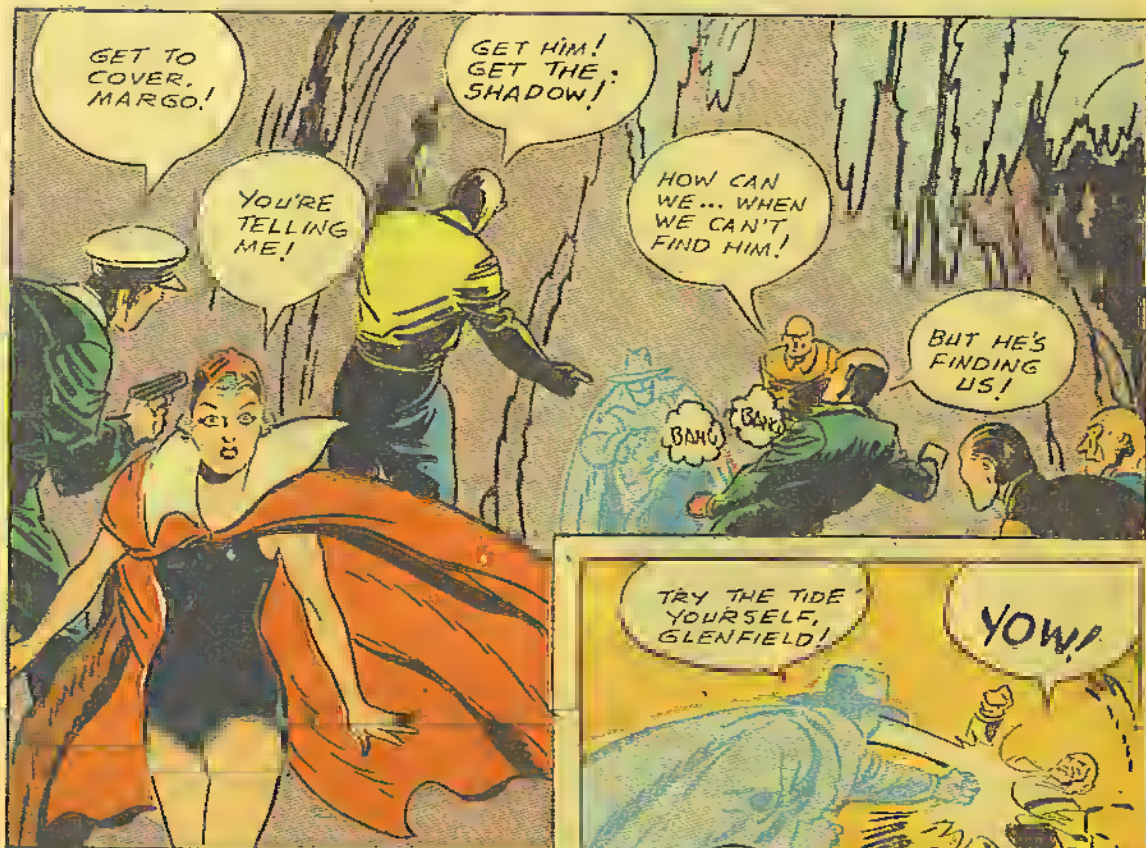
NOW WE  
KNOW WHERE  
THORNEAU'S  
ANTIQUES  
WENT!

THROW THIS  
FLOTSAM AND  
JETSAM BACK  
INTO THE TIDE!  
LET IT CARRY  
THEM OUT TO  
THEIR  
DESTRUCTION!

THERE'S A  
QUESTION  
ABOUT WHO  
SHOULD GO  
OUT, GLENFIELD!

LOOK  
OUT,  
CHIEF!





## AMONG THE HAUNTS OF **BLACKBEARD**

THE NOTORIOUS PIRATE,

A MODERN PIRACY  
SCHEME IS LAUNCHED—

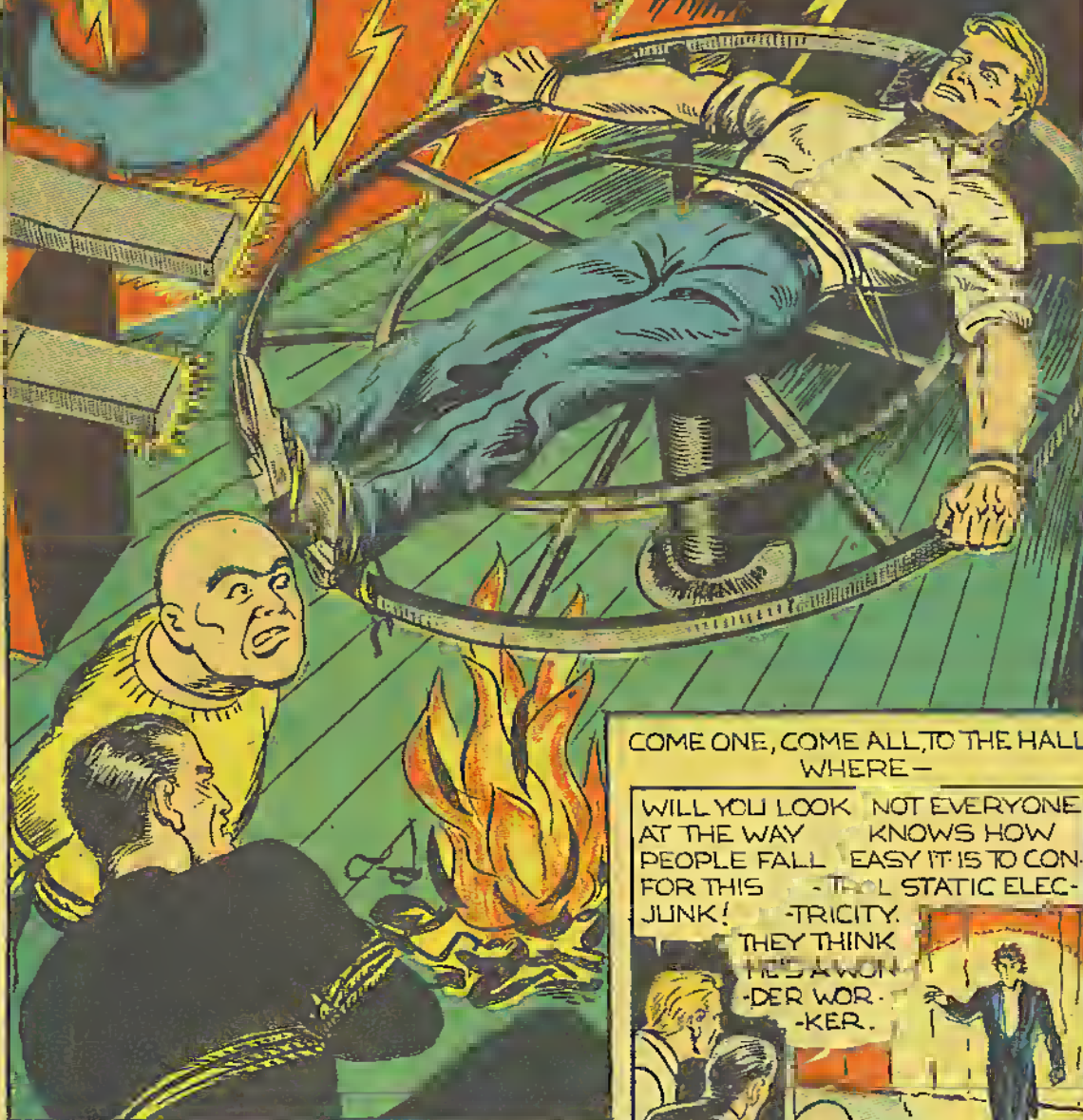
AND  
NEXT MONTH

**THE SHADOW**  
**FIGHTS PIRACY**  
— AMONG  
**THE GOLDEN ISLES**



IN HOT FOOT DELUXE

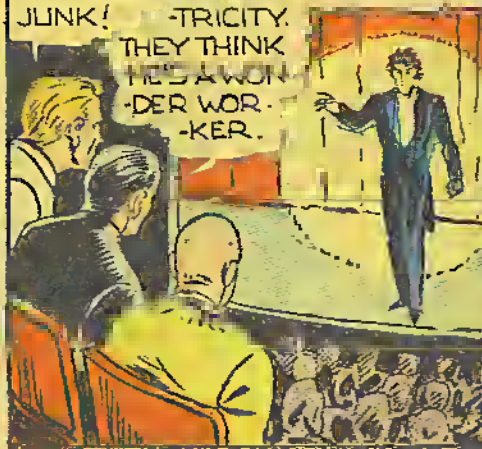
# DOC SAVAGE



COME ONE, COME ALL, TO THE HALL  
WHERE —

WILL YOU LOOK NOT EVERYONE  
AT THE WAY KNOWS HOW  
PEOPLE FALL EASY IT IS TO CON-  
FOR THIS TAIL STATIC ELEC-  
JUNK! -TRICITY.

THEY THINK  
HE'S A WON-  
DER WOR-  
KER.



OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE  
FIRE WAS AS NOTHING COMPARED TO  
THE JAM DOC AND HIS AIDES GOT INTO  
WHEN THEY TRAILED  
"THE MAN WHO COULD MAKE  
LIGHTNING"





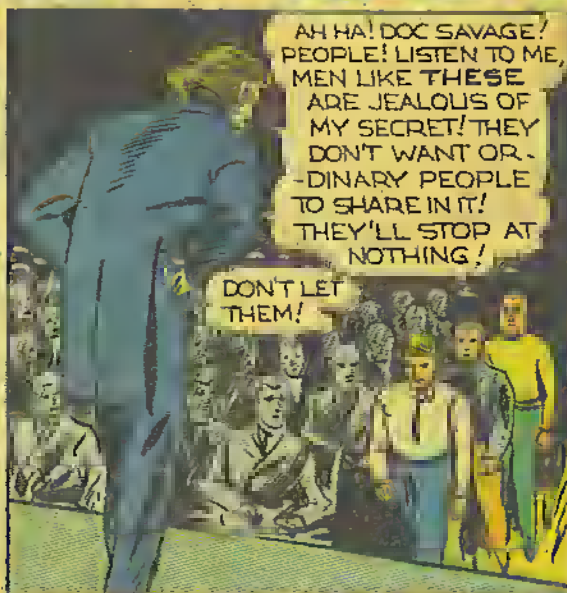
MY BODY IS A HUMAN DYNAMO!  
I CAN REJUVENATE ALL OF  
YOU! RESTORE YOUR  
YOUTH, JUST AS I HAVE  
MINE! I AM MORE  
THAN TWO HUNDRED  
YEARS OLD, BUT MY  
SECRET HAS  
GIVEN ME YOUTH!  
WATCH!



YOU SEE!  
ELECTRICITY  
COURSES  
THRU MY  
VEINS!



DIDJA EVER HEAR THE MAN IS A  
SUCH NUTTY SWINDLER! WE'D  
NONSENSE? BETTER EXPOSE  
HIM!



AH HA! DOC SAVAGE!  
PEOPLE! LISTEN TO ME,  
MEN LIKE THESE  
ARE JEALOUS OF  
MY SECRET! THEY  
DON'T WANT OR-  
-DINARY PEOPLE  
TO SHARE IN IT!  
THEY'LL STOP AT  
NOTHING!

DON'T LET  
THEM!



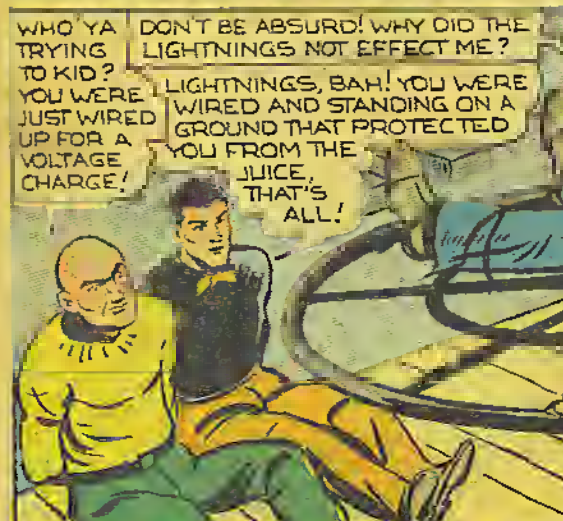
THE POOR  
DELUDED  
FOOLS! THEY  
BELIEVE HIM!

OF COURSE THEY DO!  
THEY WON'T EVEN  
INTERFERE  
WHEN I -



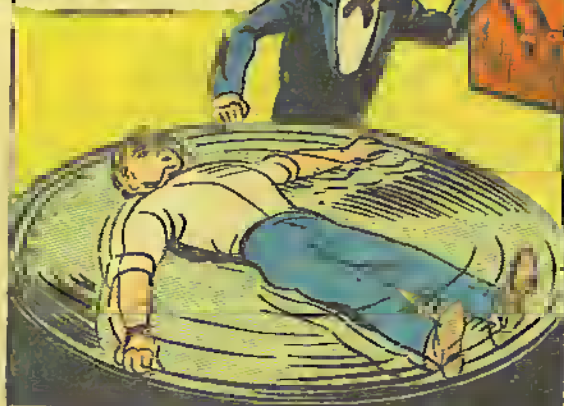
YOU SEE HOW MY POWER TRIUMPHS OVER  
THESE POOR MORTALS! REGISTER NOW,  
FOR MY COURSE  
AND YOU TOO  
CAN RISE SU-  
-PERIOR TO  
-MUNDANE WOR-  
-RIES! TAKE THEM  
AWAY!



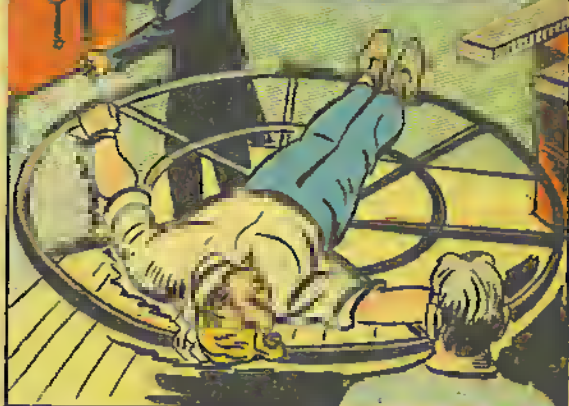




YOU SEE, FIRST WE SPIN IT GOOD AND FAST, THEN WHEN YOUR WITS START TO CURDLE, WE JAM ON THE BRAKES!



HOH HOH! THE MAGNET STOPS IT QUICK! LOOK AT HIS HEAD SNAP! A COUPLE MORE RIDES AND HIS NECK IS LIABLE TO SNAP! WHAT A SHAME!



HERE WE GO AGAIN, AROUND AND AROUND THE WHEEL GOES AND WHERE IT STOPS, NO-BODY KNOWS -

IF I COULD ONLY GET MY HANDS ON HIS SCRAWNY NECK - I'D -

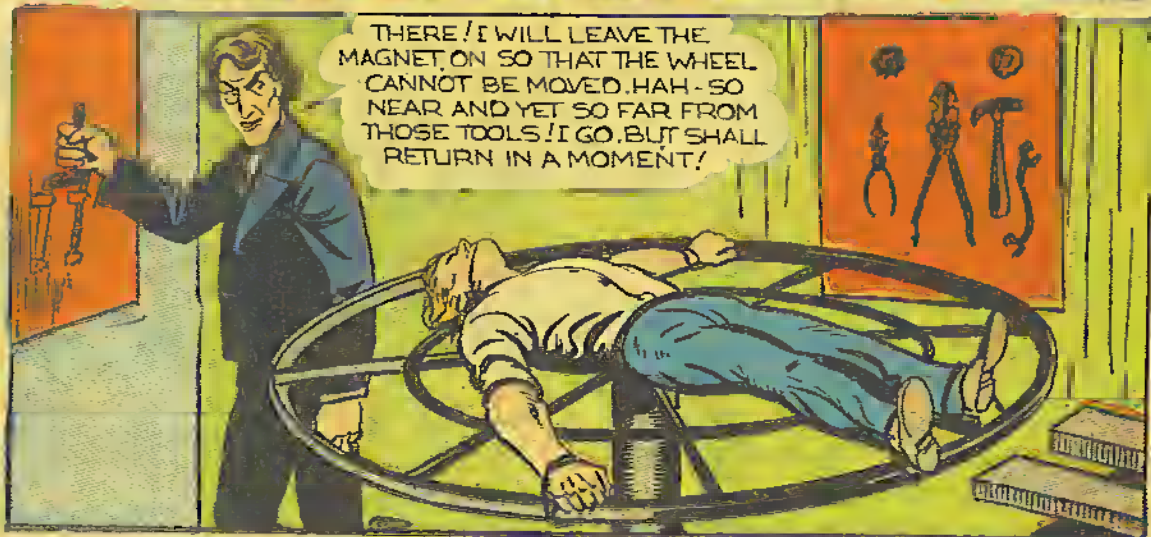


SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, DR. ELECTRO, BUT THERE'S SOME SUCKER'S UPSTAIRS DYING TO GIVE YOU SOME DOUGH!

AH ME, BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE! LEAD ON, I'LL FOLLOW!



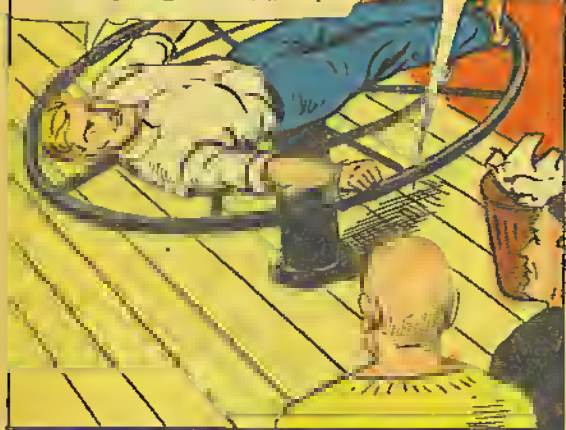
THERE! I WILL LEAVE THE MAGNET ON SO THAT THE WHEEL CANNOT BE MOVED. HAH - SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR FROM THOSE TOOLS! I GO, BUT SHALL RETURN IN A MOMENT!





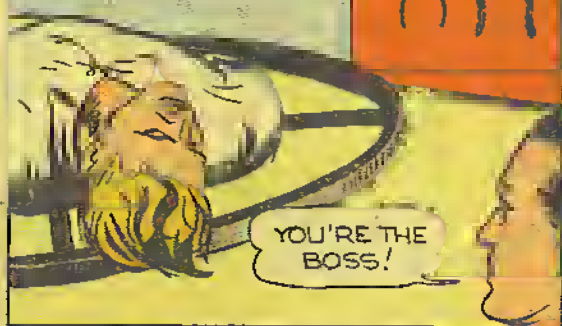
HMM! THIS IS A PRETTY HOW DO YOU DO! WE GO OUT FOR SOME ENTERTAINMENT AND WIND UP BEING THE ENTERTAINMENT FOR AN INSANE CON MAN!

DOC, THINK FAST! HOW CAN WE CUT YOU LOOSE?



IF I COULD ONLY GET MY HANDS ON ONE OF THOSE TOOLS - WAIT! HAM, MONK! ROLL ACROSS THE FLOOR TILL YOU'RE UNDER MY FEET!

YOU'RE THE BOSS!



IT'S NO USE, DOC, WE'RE TIED SO WE CAN'T GET TO OUR FEET! WE CAN'T REACH THE TOOLS!

AND EVEN IF WE COULD RISE AN' TRY TO TURN THE WHEEL, SO YOU COULD REACH, WE COULDN'T! THAT MAGNET IS TOO STRONG!



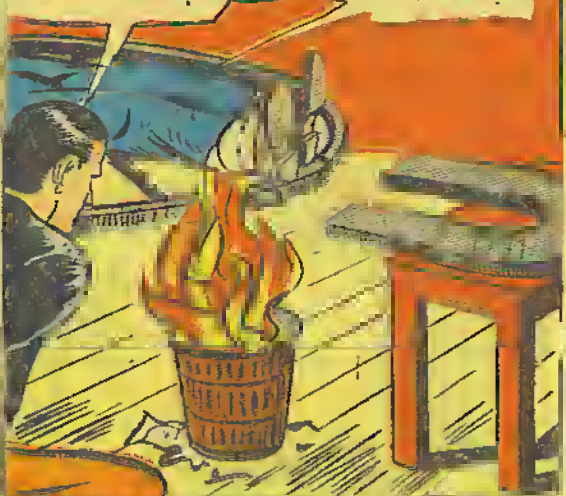
I'VE GOT IT! I'LL USE HIS OWN GAG TO ESCAPE! MONK, HAM, SET FIRE TO THE WASTE IN THAT BASKET. AIM IT SO THE FLAMES TOUCH THE WHEEL!

NOW HE ASKS US TO GIVE HIM A HOT FOOT!



I DON'T GET IT, DOC! WHAT NOW?

WATCH THE WHEEL!



THE WHEEL - IT'S - IT'S MOVING!

OF COURSE! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ONE OF OUR FIRST LAWS OF MAGNETISM! NOW IF THERE'S ONLY TIME BEFORE THAT MANIAC COMES BACK -



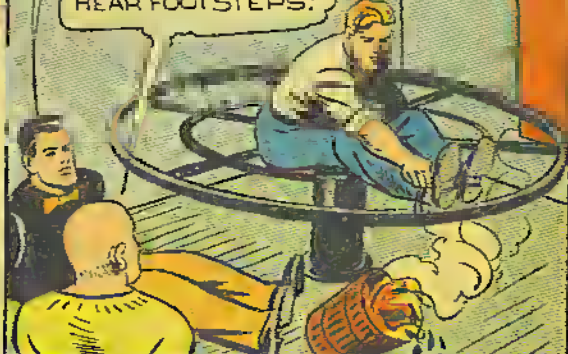
GOOD GRIEF, DOC, GET A WIGGLE ON, THE WHEEL WILL BRING YOUR HEAD OVER THE FIRE IN A MINUTE!

I COULD STAND THE HOT FOOT BUT I DON'T FEEL LIKE GETTING A HOT HEAD! —THERE.



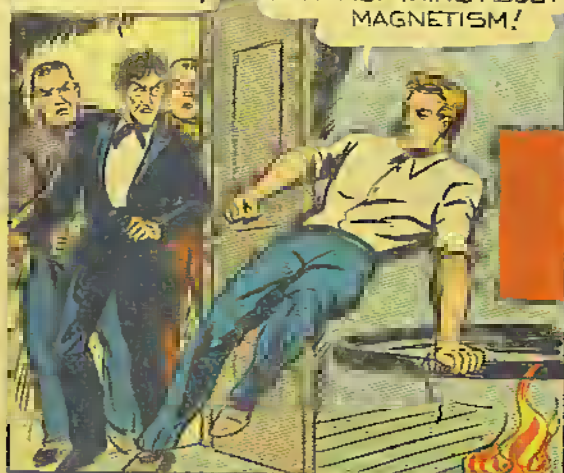
WHAT A DOPE I AM, ALL I GOTTA DO IS KICK THE FIRE OUT OF THE WAY!

DOC, HURRY! I HEAR FOOTSTEPS!



WHAT THE — HE GOT LOOSE! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

IMPOSSIBLE? NOT TO ANYONE WHO KNOWS THE FIRST THING ABOUT MAGNETISM!



DOC, BE CAREFUL! THEY'RE PULLING GUNS!

TSK! TSK! WHAT NAUGHTY BOYS!



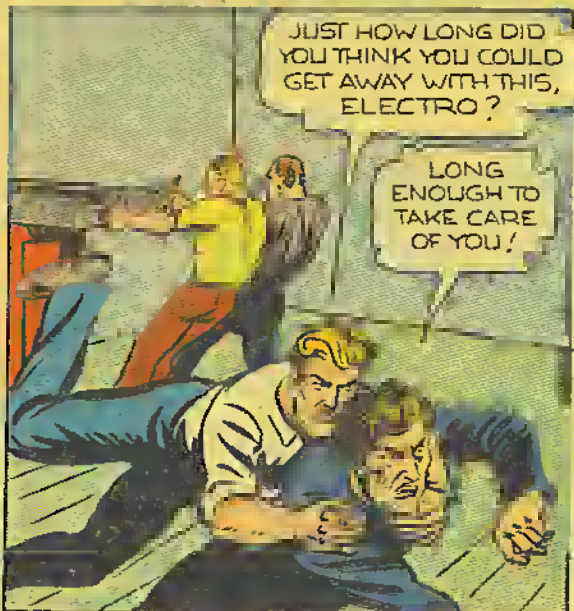
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE GUNS!

LOUIE, TONY, WAIT THERE! I'LL TURN THE MAGNET OFF AND YOU CAN GET THEM AGAIN!

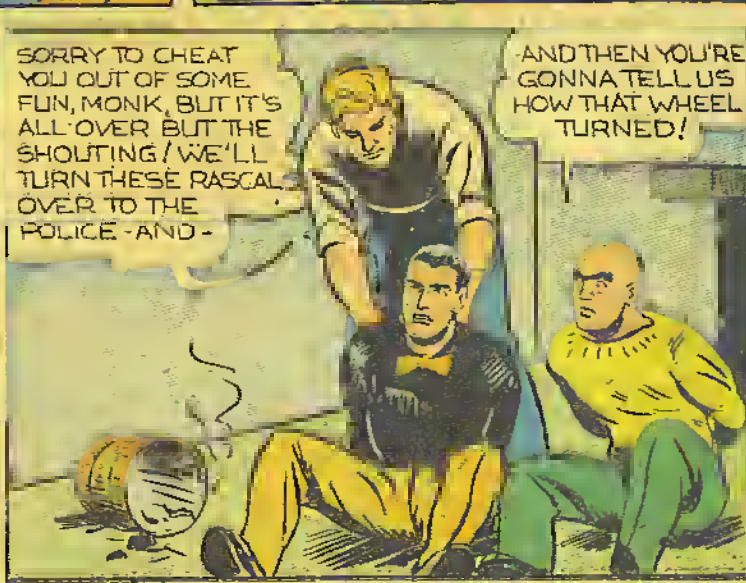
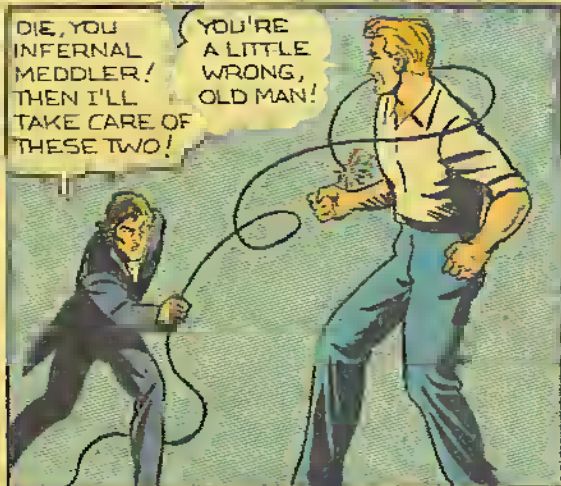
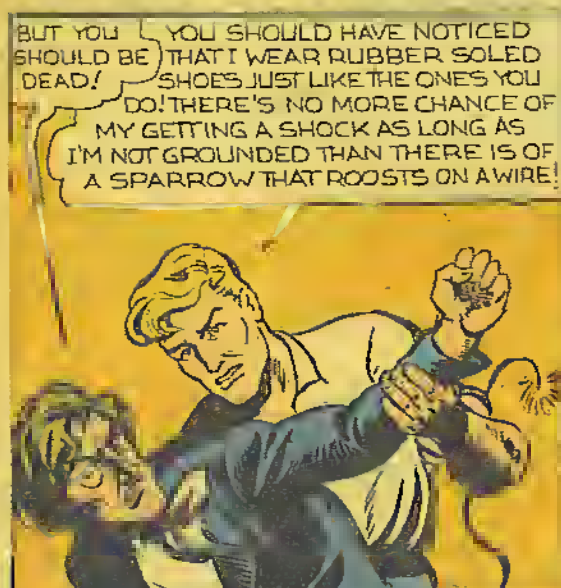


JUST HOW LONG DID YOU THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH THIS, ELECTRO?

LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!



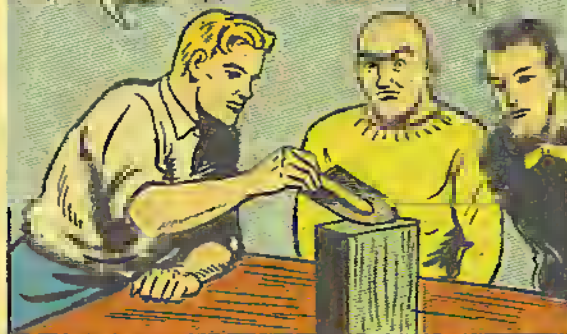




BACK AT DOC'S  
INCOMPARABLE  
LABORATORY

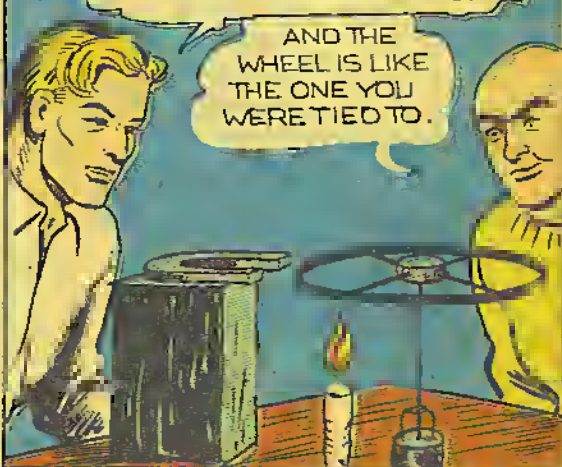
I'M SURPRISED AT  
THE PAIR  
OF YOU! MAYBE I  
SHOULD, BUT  
I DON'T! WHAT'S  
THE GAFF?

THIS IS SOMETHING  
YOU SHOULD  
REMEMBER —



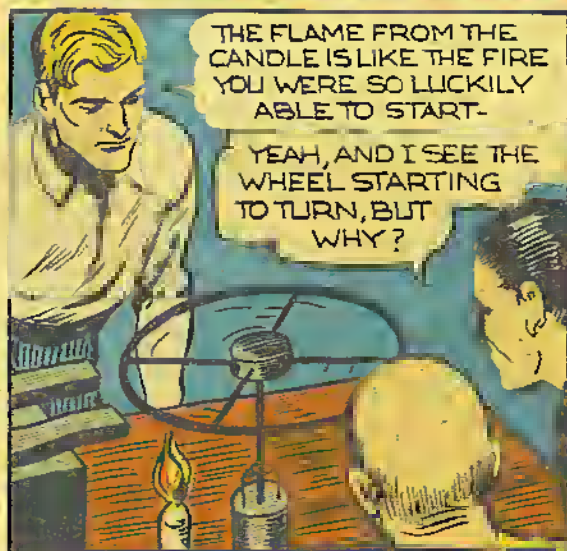
THIS SMALL MAGNET, WE WILL COMPARE  
TO THE BIG ELECTRO-MAGNET THAT  
SWINDLER WAS USING!

AND THE  
WHEEL IS LIKE  
THE ONE YOU  
WERE TIED TO.



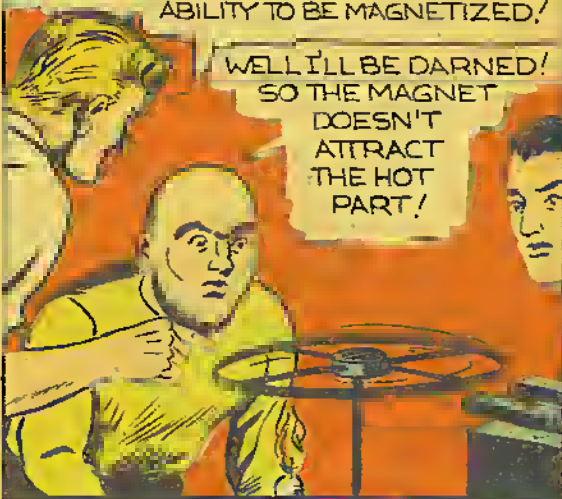
THE FLAME FROM THE  
CANDLE IS LIKE THE FIRE  
YOU WERE SO LUCKILY  
ABLE TO START-

YEAH, AND I SEE THE  
WHEEL STARTING  
TO TURN, BUT  
WHY?



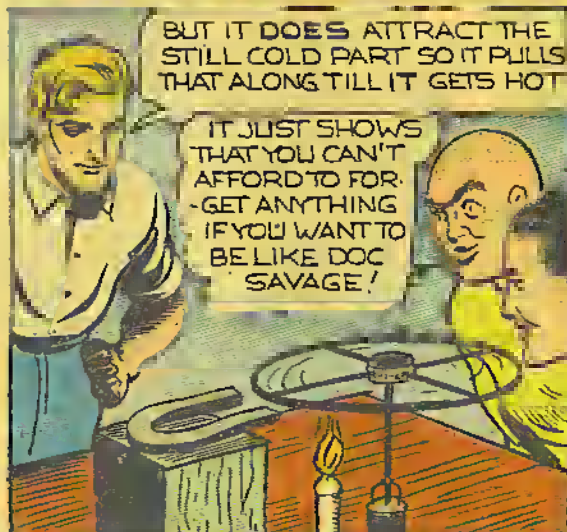
BEFORE WE APPLIED THE FLAME, THE  
MAGNET WAS ATTRACTING THE EDGE OF  
THE WHEEL! BUT WHAT YOU'VE BOTH FOR-  
GOTTEN IS THAT HEAT DESTROYS THE  
ABILITY TO BE MAGNETIZED!

WELL I'LL BE DARNED!  
SO THE MAGNET  
DOESN'T  
ATTRACT  
THE HOT  
PART!



BUT IT DOES ATTRACT THE  
STILL COLD PART SO IT PULLS  
THAT ALONG TILL IT GETS HOT

IT JUST SHOWS  
THAT YOU CAN'T  
AFFORD TO FOR-  
GET ANYTHING  
IF YOU WANT TO  
BE LIKE DOC  
SAVAGE!



TRY THIS EXPERIMENT YOURSELF! IT'S  
AMAZING TO ANYONE NOT IN THE SECRET!

HAVE YOU JOINED  
THE  
**AIR ACES OF AMERICA?**

THOUSANDS OF MEMBERSHIPS  
ARE COMING IN EACH MONTH

READ  
**AIR ACE**  
AND

HELP YOUR SCHOOL GET  
INTERESTED IN GLIDERS



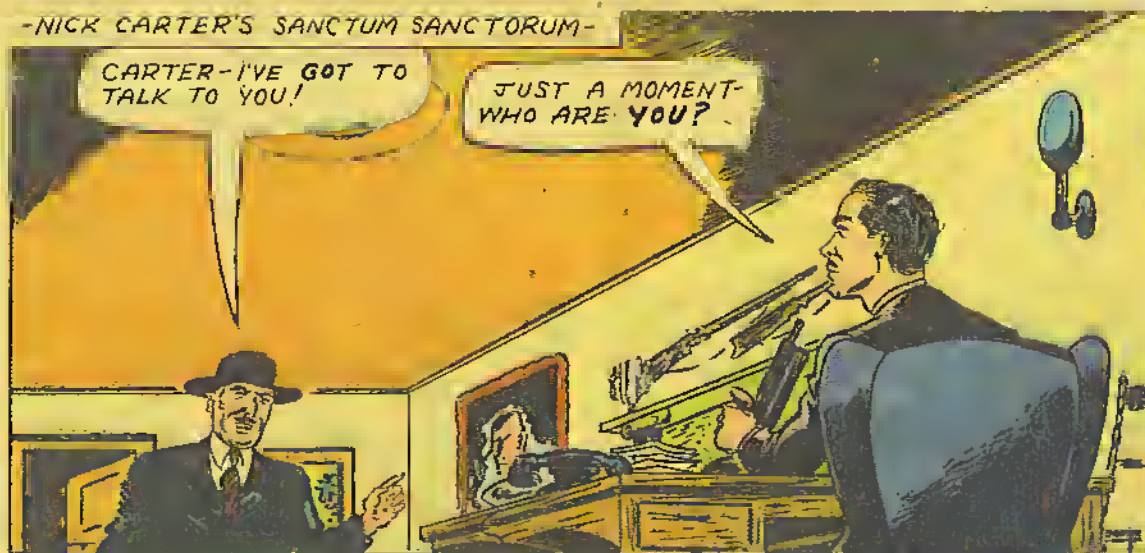
# NICK CARTER

IN "BETWEEN THE PAGES"



ONE OF NICK CARTER'S STRANGEST CASES WAS THE BIZARRE MYSTERY OF THE PAGES OF DEATH..... IT STARTED STRANGELY, AND ENDED EVEN MORE PECULIARLY.....

-NICK CARTER'S SANCTUM SANCTORUM-



YANCEY CRAVAT! WHAT'S A NOTORIOUS GAMBLER LIKE YOU DOING HERE?

CARTER, I'M IN A JAM! I'VE ALWAYS OPERATED OUTSIDE THE LAW-I NEVER CALLED A COP BEFORE- BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!



WHAT'S THE MATTER-SOMEONE RING IN A PAIR OF LOADED DICE ON YOU?

ON ME? HA! YOU'RE BEING FUNNY! NO, I MUST HAVE A BOOK-ONE CERTAIN BOOK NAMED "THE THEORY OF PERCENTAGE".



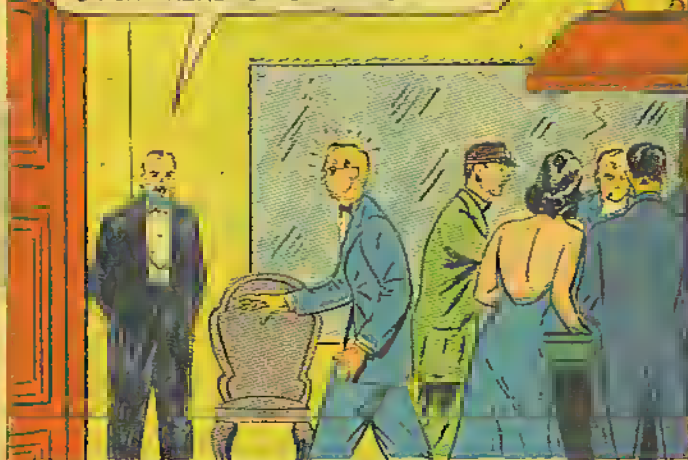
"THEORY OF PERCENTAGE"? YOU MEAN THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT ODDS?

PLEASE, CARTER, STOP RIBBING ME--THIS IS SERIOUS--IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS ONE NIGHT NOT LONG AGO, A GUY CAME INTO MY JOINT...

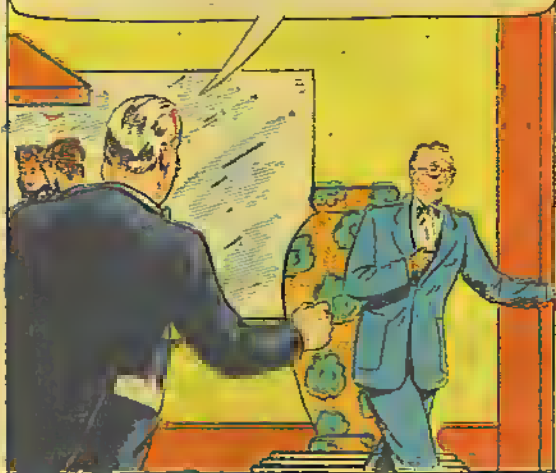


CRAVAT'S STORY...

LOOKS LIKE A GOOD NIGHT FOR THE HOUSE.... OH OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE!



THIS SUCKER LOOKS LIKE HE DROPPED SOME DOUGH THAT DIDN'T BELONG TO HIM--I WONDER IF THAT'S A GUN HE'S GOING FOR...

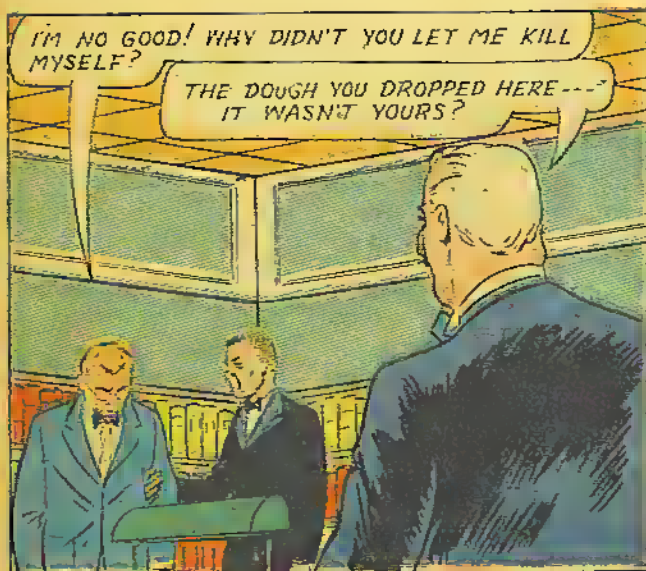


LUGS- GRAB THE SUCKER AND BRING HIM TO MY ROOM...

DON'T--- OH-WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME.....

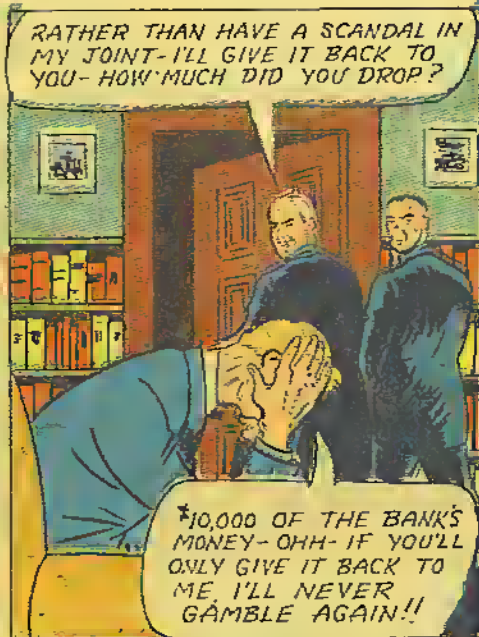






I'M NO GOOD! WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME KILL MYSELF?

THE DOUGH YOU DROPPED HERE--- IT WASN'T YOURS?



RATHER THAN HAVE A SCANDAL IN MY JOINT- I'LL GIVE IT BACK TO YOU- HOW MUCH DID YOU DROP?

\*10,000 OF THE BANK'S MONEY- OH- IF YOU'LL ONLY GIVE IT BACK TO ME, I'LL NEVER GAMBLE AGAIN!!

CRAVAT PAUSES...

WELL, WHAT HAPPENED THEN, CRAVAT?



I DON'T REALLY KNOW- WHEN WE LEFT THE POOR SUCKER, HE WAS OVERJOYED AT THE IDEA OF GETTING HIS DOUGH BACK-- WHEN I CAME BACK WITH THE DOUGH, HE WAS DEAD!

OK.. SUCKER, HERE'S YOUR DOUGH- BUT DON'T LET ME EVER CATCH YOU IN HERE AGAIN OR--- WHAT THE---!?



"THANK YOU FOR YOUR KINDNESS, BUT ON THINKING IT OVER, EVEN IF I RETURN THE MONEY, EVERY ONE WILL KNOW I'M A THIEF. I CAN'T STAND THE SHAME... SIGNED - W.A. PEEBLES..."

NICK ASKS.....

WELL, WHAT'S ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH ME?

I CALLED THE POLICE- WHILE I WAITED, I PUT THE SUICIDE NOTE IN THIS BOOK, "THE THEORY OF PERCENTAGE," BETWEEN PAGES 87 AND 88 - FOR SAFEKEEPING.. AFTER ALL, IT WAS THE ONLY PROOF OF MY INNOCENCE!!



I STILL  
DON'T  
SEE  
WHY.....

IN THE TIME IT TOOK THE COPS TO SHOW  
UP, THE NOTE DISAPPEARED. SOMEONE  
SWIPED THE BOOK! NOW THE COPS  
THINK I KILLED PEBBLES AND  
RIGGED IT UP TO LOOK LIKE SUICIDE!!

THAT LEAVES  
YOU IN A  
NICE SPOT!

VERY NICE! IF YOU  
CAN'T FIND THE BOOK  
FOR ME, I'LL FRY FOR  
A KILLING I DIDN'T  
COMMIT! COME ON.....

CRAVAT'S  
CLUB....

WHO WENT  
INTO THE  
ROOM?

LUGS AND I WERE  
THE ONLY ONES WE  
KNOW OF.... BUT LUGS WOULDN'T  
HAVE COPPED THE BOOK 'CAUSE  
HE'S IN THIS THING, TOO.....

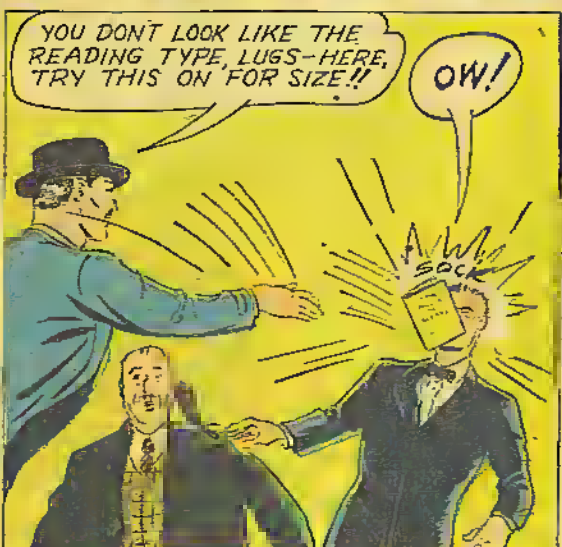
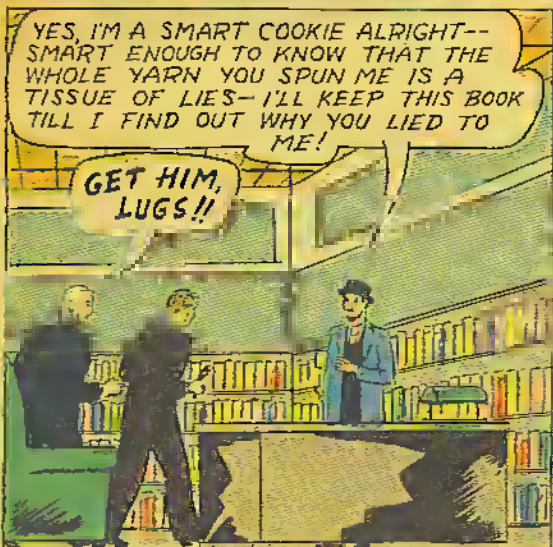
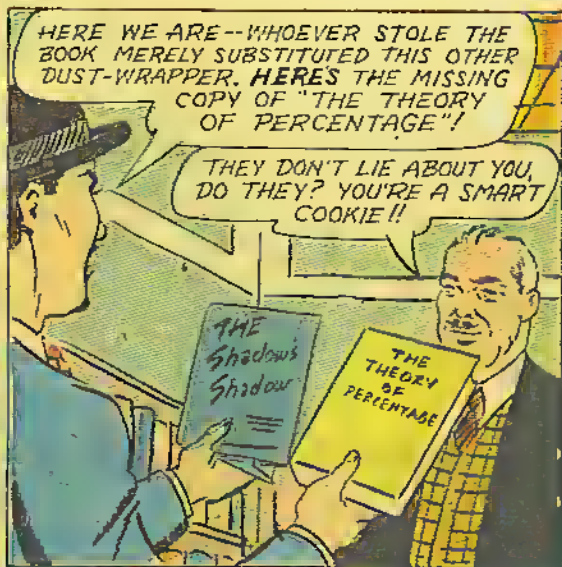
RULE OUT THE  
IMPOSSIBLE, AND  
WHATEVER REMAINS-  
NO MATTER HOW  
IMPROBABLE- MUST  
BE THE SOLUTION-  
THE BOOK IS STILL HERE  
IN THIS ROOM!

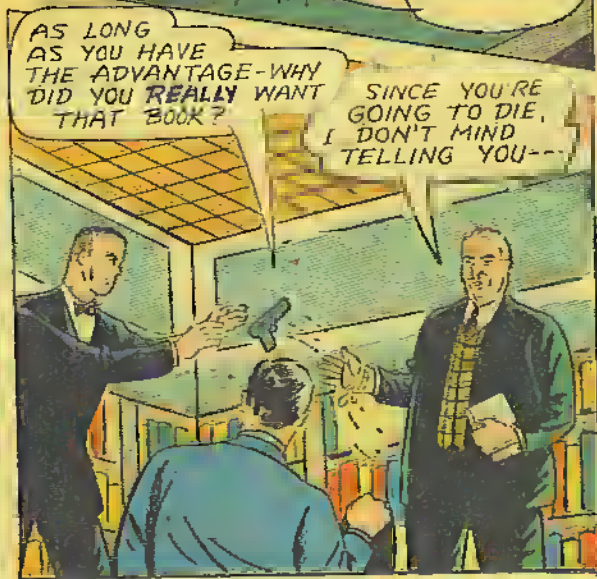
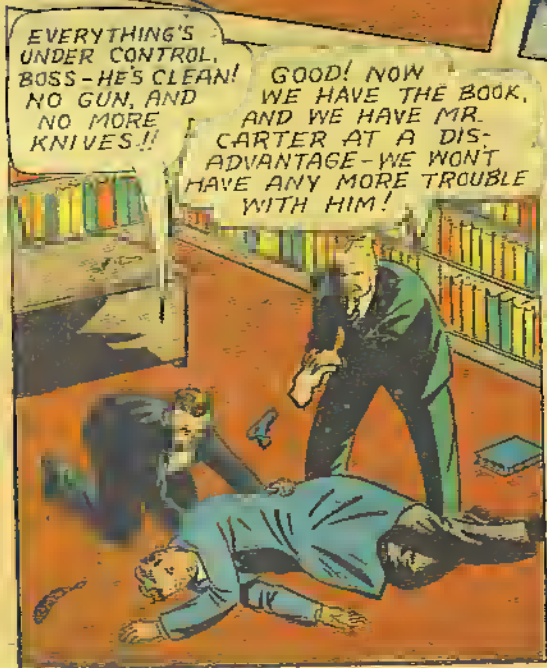
A BOOK IS TOO  
BULKY TO CONCEAL ON A  
PERSON- IF THE ONE  
WHO TOOK THE BOOK  
HAD WALKED OUT  
OF HERE WITH IT,  
SOMEONE WOULD  
HAVE SPOTTED  
THE BULGE.....

THERE'S  
ONLY ONE WAY  
OUT AND I SAW  
EVERYBODY LEAVE-  
I'LL SWEAR NOBODY  
HAD THE BOOK!

WHAT!? BUT  
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE-  
I LOOKED  
EVERYWHERE!!









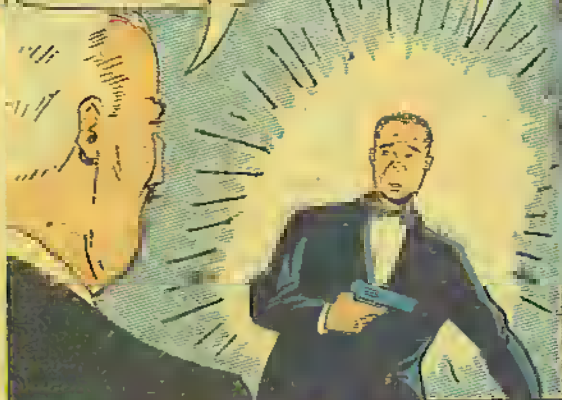
THERE'S A CONFESSION IN HERE ALRIGHT,  
BUT IT'S MINE. SOMEONE GOT IT AND  
BOUND IT INTO THE BOARDS OF THE  
COVER OF THIS BOOK....



A QUESTION - WHEN THE BOOK  
WAS BOUND, WAS THAT PART OF  
THE STORY TRUE? WAS LUGS THE  
ONLY ONE WHO COULD'VE GOTTEN IN HERE?

YES THAT PART WAS  
TRUE - THERE WAS  
NO PEEBLES --  
NOBODY COMMITTED  
SUICIDE - BUT LUGS  
WAS IN HERE....

DON'T LOOK AT  
ME LIKE THAT -  
BOSS -- I ---



SO! YOU SWIPED IT!  
YOU WERE GONNA  
BLACKMAIL ME--  
THAT'S NICE TO  
KNOW, LUGS!!

AW, GEE, BOSS-- I  
JUST WANTED TO  
MAKE AN HONEST  
DOLLAR!!



NICE WORK, DETECTIVE!  
BUT YOU'RE STILL  
GONNA GET BUMPED  
FIRST! I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF LUGS  
LATER!!

GEE! I  
CAN EXPLAIN--  
HONEST I CAN,  
BOSS!



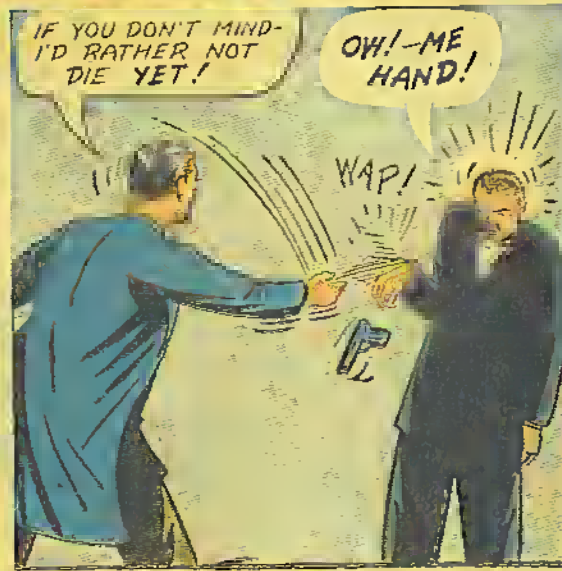
BLAST CARTER--  
AND MAYBE I  
WON'T KILL YOU--

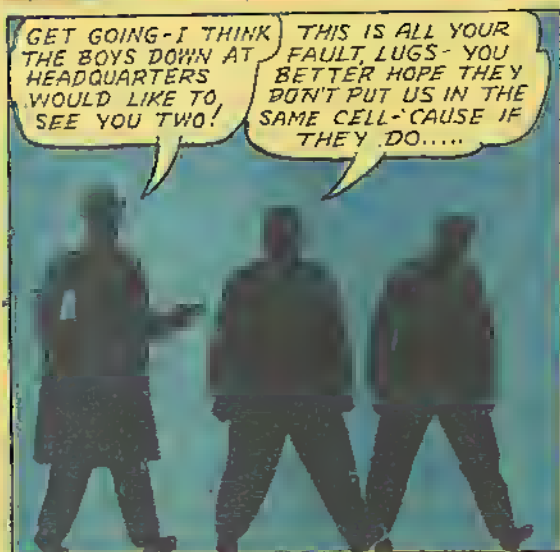
O.K. BOSS - IT'S A  
PLEASURE!!



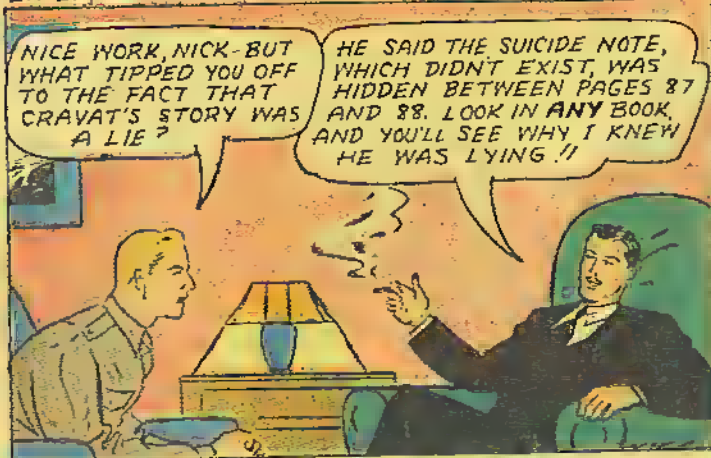
IF YOU DON'T MIND--  
I'D RATHER NOT  
DIE YET!

OW! - ME  
HAND!





LATER WHEN CHICK CAME HOME ON FURLOUGH..



(YOU'D BETTER LOOK UP THESE PAGES AND SEE WHY CRAVAT COULD NOT HAVE PUT A NOTE BETWEEN PAGES 87 AND 88.....)

## PITCHING THE BIG LEAGUE WAY

HOW TO THROW THE

CURVE

FAST BALL

SLOW BALL

KNUCKLE BALL

SCREW BALL

BALLOON BALL

TOLD BY IRA THOMAS

OF THE

PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS

IN

## TRUE SPORT

NOW ON SALE



# INNER CIRCLE



## "RIGHT IS WRONG!"

"Somehow the information was being sent out of the country. We had no idea how. But it was my job to find out and fast!" Nick Carter eyed the assembled members of the Inner Circle which his foster son, Chick, had started but which he, Nick, was carrying on, while Chick was off to war. They were all ears as Nick described how he had been assigned by Military Intelligence to track down a spy ring which had set up a 'post office' for the sending and receiving of information from and to the enemy.

"These spy 'post offices' are the center of any spy ring. Without them, the ring can no longer exist. You see very few spies are in their 'business' for patriotic motives. For them it is strictly a money deal. And it is through their 'post office' that they receive their Judas pay.

"It was a tough assignment. One of the toughest in my career." Nick paused and remembered how he had worried and fretted about the case at the time.

"For what seemed like years, I waited. There was nothing to go on. No clue, nothing at all that helped us. Till finally, one day, after I knew the 'post office' had been doing its deadly work successfully for a long while, we got a break. A spy that we caught dead to rights, faced with the firing

squad, some cold grey dawn, decided to talk. Unfortunately he didn't know too much. The small fry never do, because the brains know blamed well that given the opportunity the small fry will squeal. However, he was able to tell us one thing and that was his contact point. It was a little book store on the East side in N. Y.

"I don't believe," said Nick, "that any one point was ever kept under such vigilant surveillance as that shop. At any hour of the day or night we had men watching. We had reports of each person that even stopped to look in the book store window.

"Finally, after weeks of observation we managed to winnow down a list of names of the people who were seen to enter the shop. Some of those people, we knew, were the ones we wanted.

"The next step was to determine which."

"Good grief," asked Beef, "how could you do that? I don't suppose this kind of a spy talks with a German accent or anything like that?"

"No indeed, not those members of Himmler's spy schools. They spoke straight Americanese. They looked and acted as though they'd been born and brought up right here. They'd been planted in this country long before we ever thought of war. They had respectable jobs, were generally

highly thought of by their friends and neighbors. Some were even married to Americans who never had an idea of what they really were!"

"That it was. The owner of the book store was a woman and we were so much in the dark that we had no idea whether she was in on the whole thing or was merely being used as a dupe by the spies." Nick took a drink of water before he went on. "At night, after the store was closed, we ransacked the place. We knew that since it was being used as a 'post office' there were a lot of records that *had* to be kept there. We knew that it was too much for anyone to carry in their memory. There had to be written records but do you think we could find hide or hair of them? Nope!"

"There's an awful lot of places to hide things in a book store," said Sue. "good gravy! They could hide things in the bindings of the books or between the pages and . . ."

"You don't flatter us, do you, Sue?" smiled Nick. "I assure you, we went through every book in the store. Went through them with a fine tooth comb and found exactly nil!"

"Not finding anything just redoubled the intensity of our watch. We weeded down our list of the people who went in and out of the store till we had a list of perhaps twenty people. We knew that ten or maybe eleven of them *had* to be spies. Something had to be done. The man, high in government circles who had called me in and asked for my aid, was getting impatient." Nick looked unhappy at that recollection then went on, "I decided we had to take the bull by the horns. Luck played into our hands a trifle at this time.

"Ten of the twenty people on our list were in the store at one time. This I decided had to be it, evidence or no evidence."

"What'd you do?" asked Beef as Nick smiled to himself.

"We descended on that store like locusts. We had the place surrounded, there wasn't a chance for a fly to get out of that cordon! We went in with our hands full of guns. As we slammed through the door, I saw out of the corner of my eye, a flicker of motion. I concentrated and was able to make out

what seemed to be a man in a dark blue, double-breasted jacket. The jacket was buttoned on the right side. The figure's face was in shadow and I couldn't make out the



features. There was a slamming sound and as I leaped, the figure seemed to vanish!"

"Vanish, how?" Sue asked.

"When I ran into where the figure had been, I felt my face slam into the cold of a glass surface and realized I'd been looking at a mirror. Across the room from where I'd been watching there was a trap door so cleverly concealed that we'd never found it, I realized.

"The people who were in the store pretended complete ignorance of what had gone on. One finally said that just as we had crashed in, a man, unknown to this person who was speaking, had grabbed the woman who owned the shop and walked her across to the wall. Then, our entry disturbed our observer. The speaker said he had no idea of what had happened to the mystery man or the woman owner of the store."



"That could have been what I had seen out of the corner of my eye, I realized. We took our haul downtown. That is the other members of my raiding staff did. I stayed behind and went over the wall till I finally found the button, carefully concealed behind a light fixture, that opened the trap door.

"I pressed the button. You can be sure that I went down the stairs that were then exposed by a sliding panel, as carefully as though I were stepping into a nest of rattlesnakes. But my care was wasted. When I got down to the foot of the stairs I found the woman owner of the store laying in a crumpled heap on the floor. Not far from her lay the man's blue jacket I had seen.



Of the man, if there had been a man, there was no sign. As I stood there looking around the cellar room from which I could see no possible means of egress, the woman opened her eyes and groaned."

The members of the Inner Circle sat

forward on the edges of their seats. This was what they waited for at each monthly meeting; these stories of Nick's active life as crime fighter.

"She said, 'The man . . . where is he?'"

"She followed the direction of my eyes and saw that we were alone. She asked me what had happened and I told her what the witness upstairs had told me. She asked what it was all about. Why we had raided her shop and a lot of other questions. I took her upstairs and phoned for the boys to come back. The whole thing had dropped into line in my mind for as I had listened to her, I had been idly rifling through the pages of a book.

"She must have known I had them nailed dead to rights when she saw me discover her secret but she never batted an eyelash.

"Even when I got her downtown she still pretended innocence. What had given her away, of course, was the way she had buttoned the man's jacket which she had donned as an impromptu disguise!"

"But," Beef said, "you said when you saw the figure in the jacket that the jacket was buttoned on the right side. That's the way a man *does* button his coat! A woman buttons it on the left side! Even I know that!"

"You're warm," smiled Nick, "but you're missing one point! When I saw her, it was in a mirror! Right was left! That was what gave her away!"

"Right was wrong, you mean!" said Sue. "I get that. But what was it you found when you rifled the pages of one of the books?"

"Their whole secret. The way they had been communicating right under our noses. They had written their messages on the edges of the pages of books!"

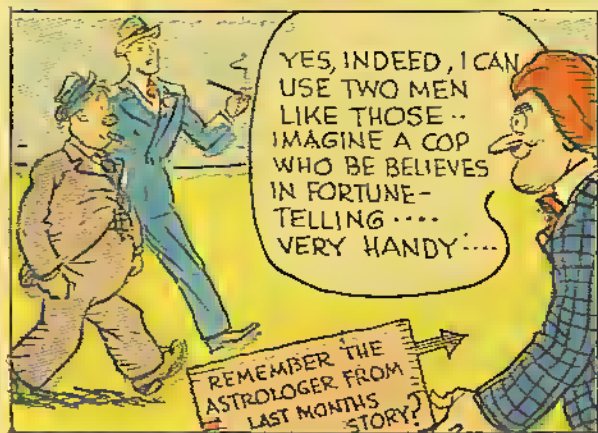
"Huh?" That was Beef. "How come you couldn't see the messages?"

"Because before they wrote them, they curved the edges of the books." Nick picked up a book and demonstrated, as he went on. "They wrote on the curved edge, then when the book straightened out, the message disappeared! Try it yourself and see!"

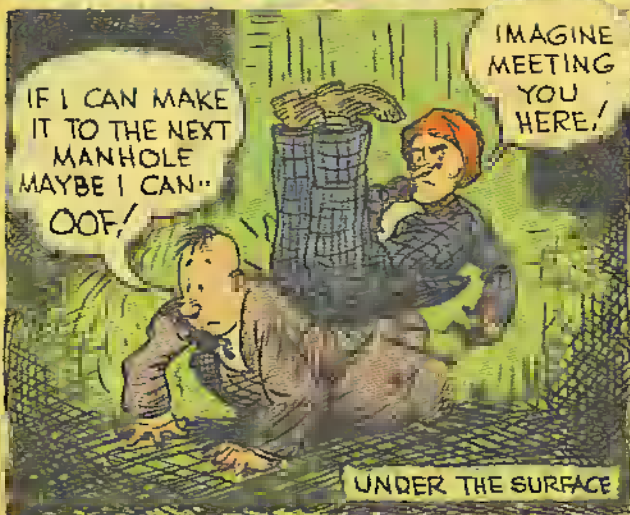
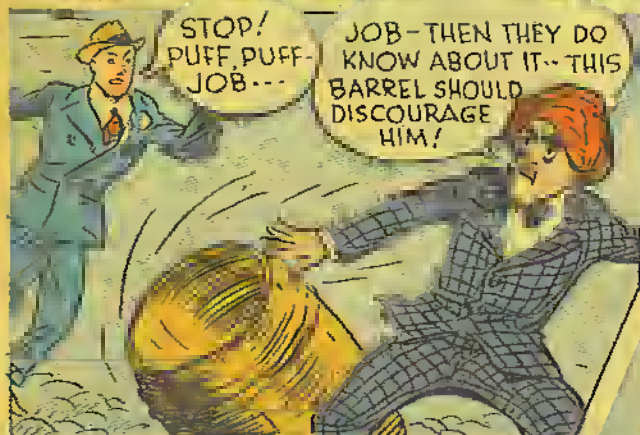
Nick adjusted his black Homburg to its usual jaunty angle and waved a hand in farewell. "See you next month, same time, same place." He smiled and was gone.

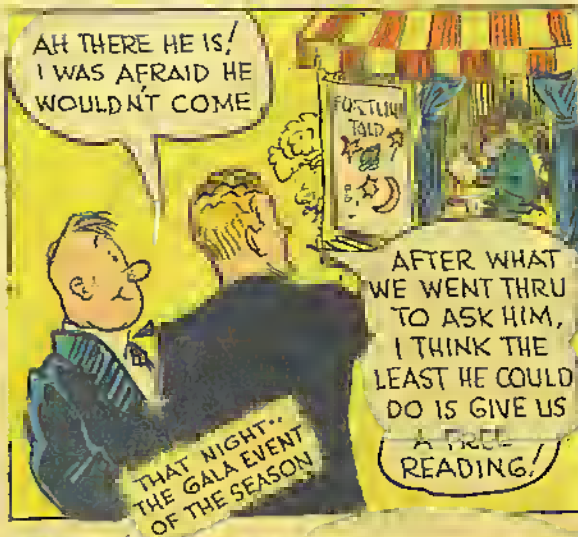
# FLATTY FOOTE

## in the POLICEMAN'S BALL

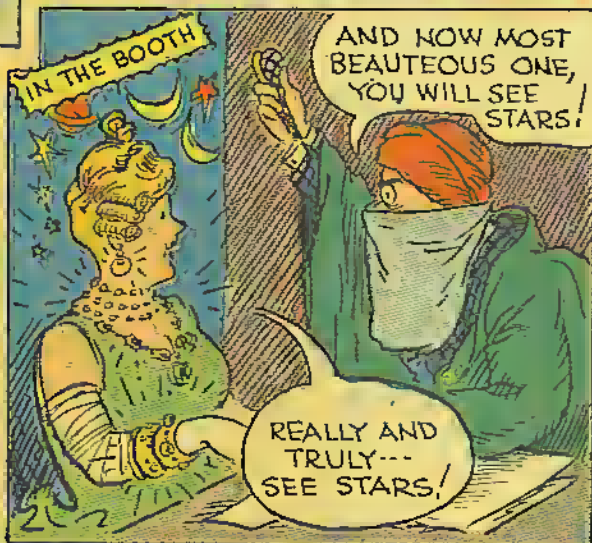


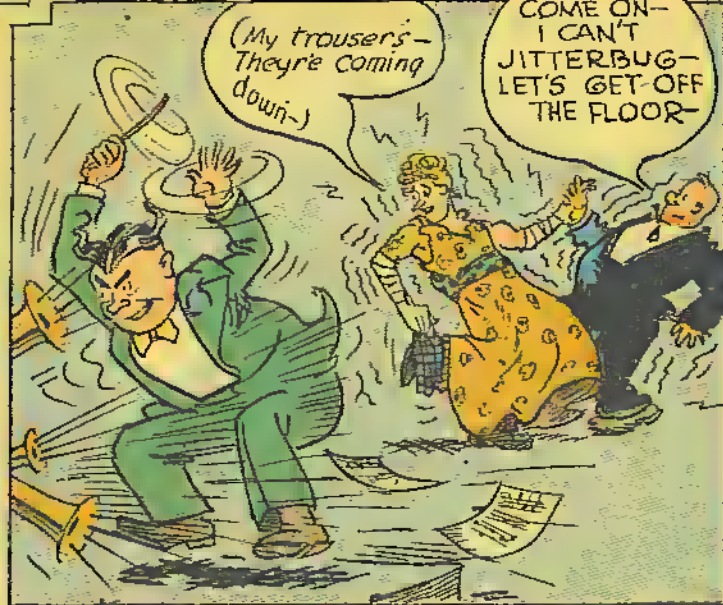
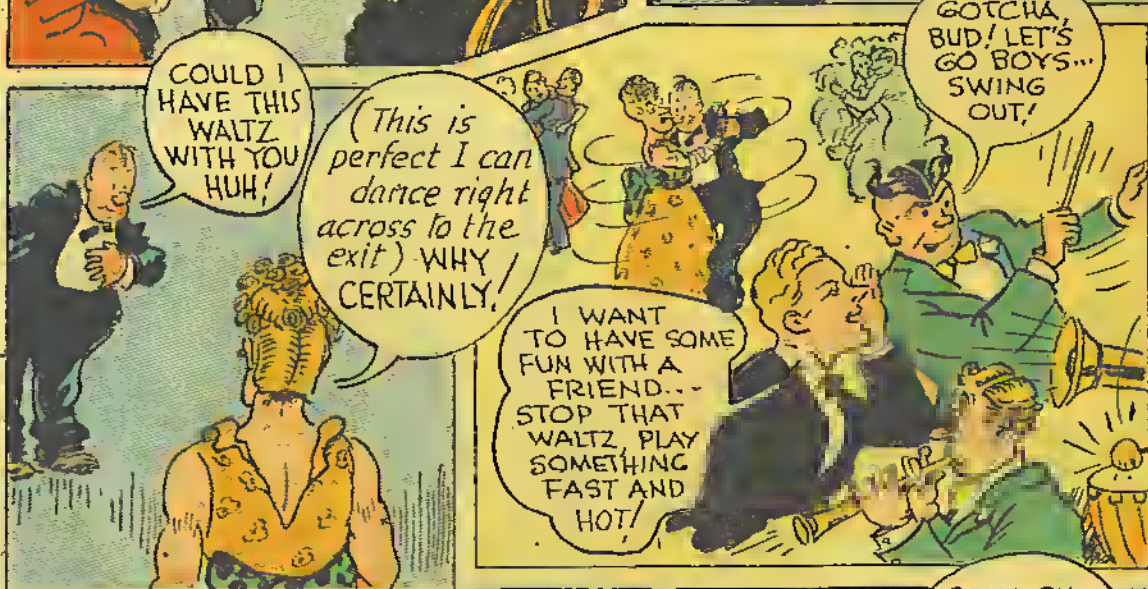
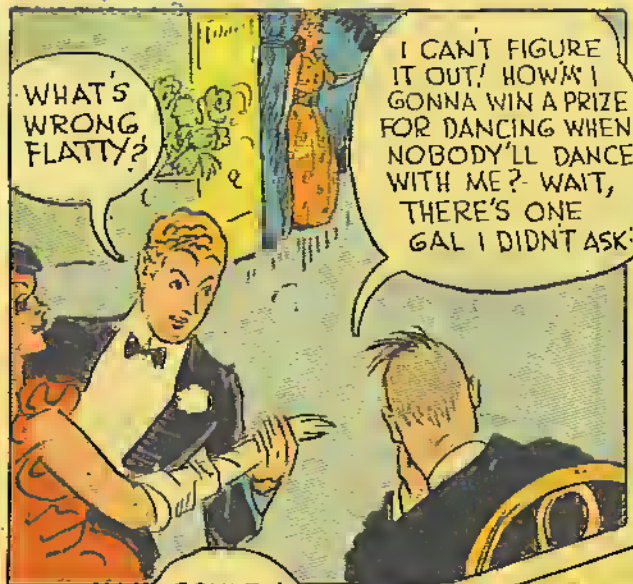














(I'm lost if I have to walk off)  
COME ON GATE LET'S  
RECIPROCATATE!

WHO ME?  
HEY WHAT'S

YOU'RE NOT...  
YOU'RE THE  
ASTROLOGER!

I GOTTA  
MAKE A  
GETAWAY

YOU CATCH  
ON FAST  
DON'T  
YOU?

WHY THIS GUY  
MUST BE A CROOK!

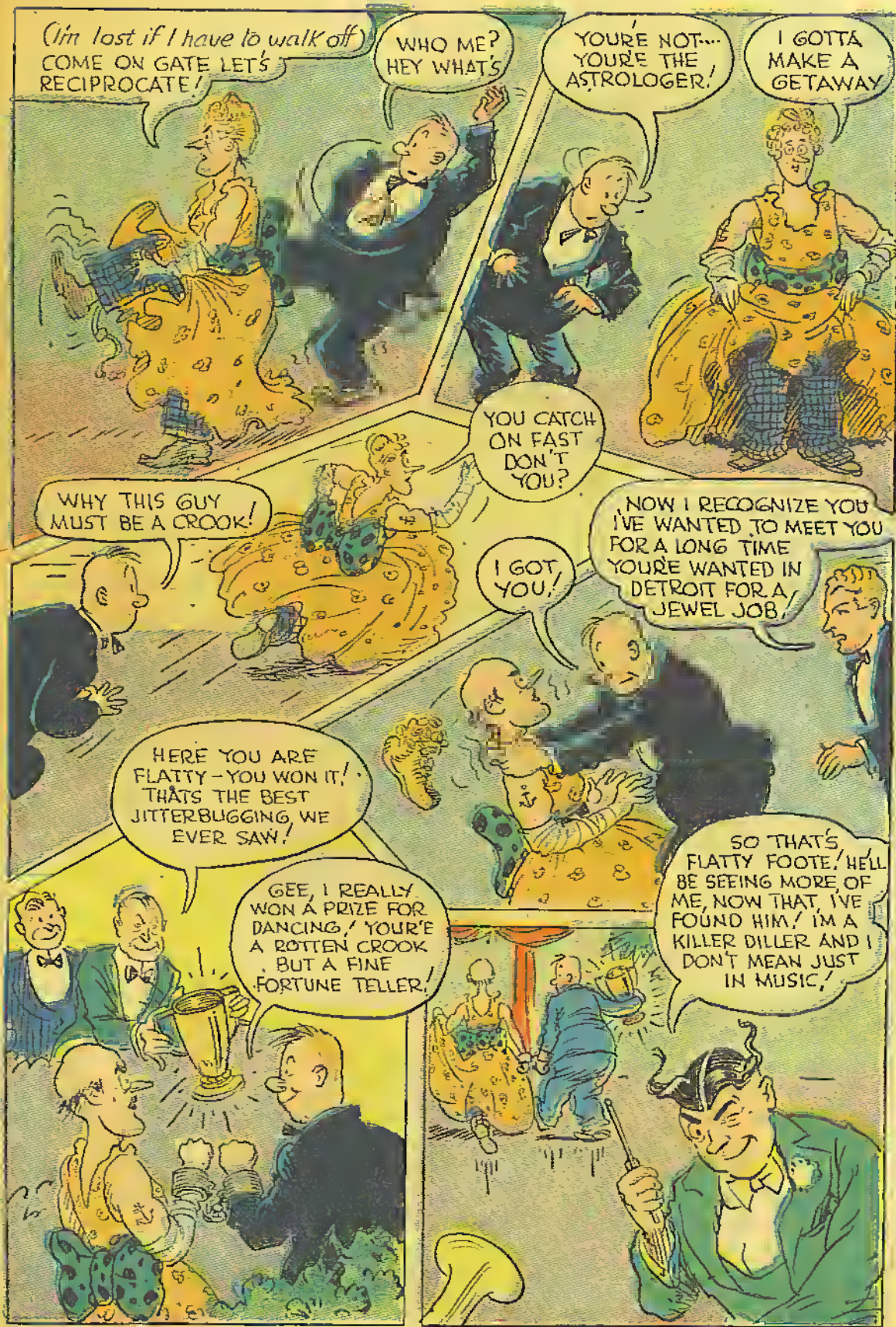
NOW I RECOGNIZE YOU  
I'VE WANTED TO MEET YOU  
FOR A LONG TIME  
YOU'RE WANTED IN  
DETROIT FOR A  
JEWEL JOB.

I GOT  
YOU!

HERE YOU ARE  
FLATTY-YOU WON IT!  
THATS THE BEST  
JITTERBUGGING WE  
EVER SAW!

GEE, I REALLY  
WON A PRIZE FOR  
DANCING! YOU'RE  
A ROTTEN CROOK  
BUT A FINE  
FORTUNE TELLER!

SO THAT'S  
FLATTY FOOTE! HE'LL  
BE SEEING MORE OF  
ME, NOW THAT I'VE  
FOUND HIM! I'M A  
KILLER DILLER AND I  
DON'T MEAN JUST  
IN MUSIC!







**TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:**

Your sons, husbands and brothers who are standing today upon the battlefronts are fighting for more than victory in war. They are fighting for a new world of freedom and peace.

We, upon whom has been placed the responsibility of leading the American forces, appeal to you with all possible earnestness to invest in War Bonds to the fullest extent of your capacity.

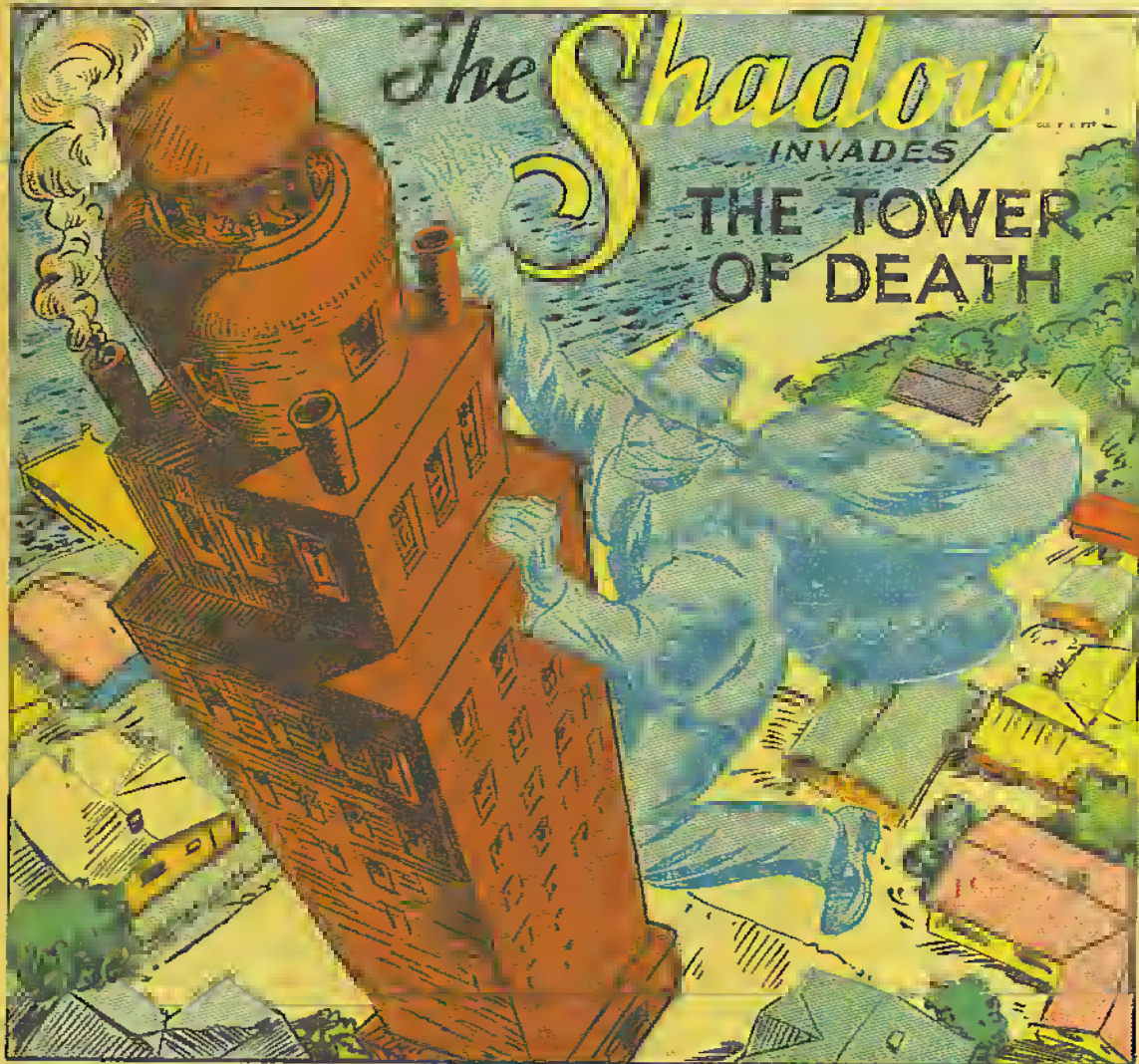
Give us not only the needed implements of war,  
but the assurance and backing of a united  
people so necessary to hasten the victory and  
speed the return of your fighting men.

~~12 June 1881~~ Williams & Oakley  
 Long Beach, Cal. E. King  
 61 1/2 St. New York C. W. Mumford  
 H. H. Mumford

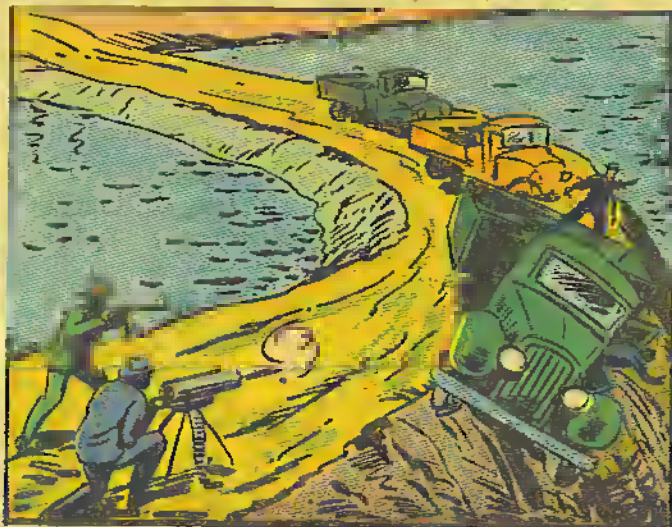


**MAKE THIS HIS LUCKY SEVENTH  
- BUY A BOND TODAY -**





IN THE VICINITY OF GULF CITY, A VITAL INDUSTRIAL CENTER, SERIOUS CRIMES HAVE OCCURRED INCLUDING THE HIGH-JACKING OF ESSENTIAL SUPPLIES!!!



THOUGH OUTRAGED BY SUCH OUTLAWRY, THE AUTHORITIES ARE BAFFLED AND THEREFORE HELPLESS. BUT EVEN IN GULF CITY, CRIME CAN NEVER PA

**THE SHADOW KNOWS!!!**

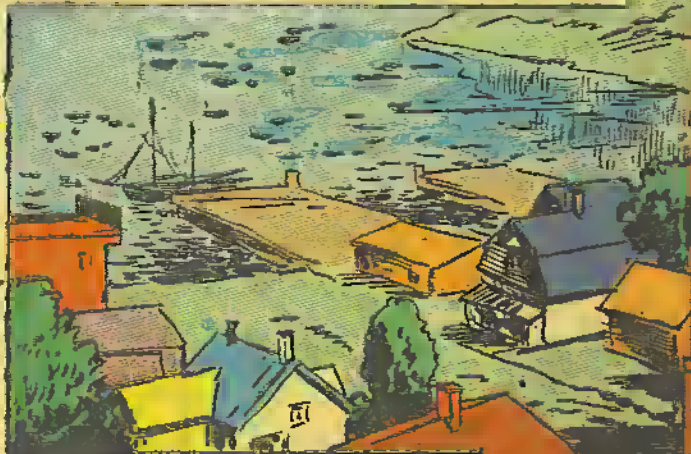
WELL, SHERIFF, IT'S UP TO YOU NOW!

I'M COUNTING ON MR. WILSHAM HERE, AS HEAD OF THE CIVIC COMMITTEE—

BUT I AGREE WITH THE MAYOR. THE JOB IS YOURS, SHERIFF!



IN THE CIVIC TOWER, A GROUP OF MEN ARE DISCUSSING THE CRIME WAVE WHILE GULF CITY BASKS SERENE—



WELL, MY MEN ARE COVERING THE WHOLE COUNTY, EXCEPT FOR THE HILL DISTRICT.

NOTHING COULD HAPPEN IN THAT REGION, SHERIFF.

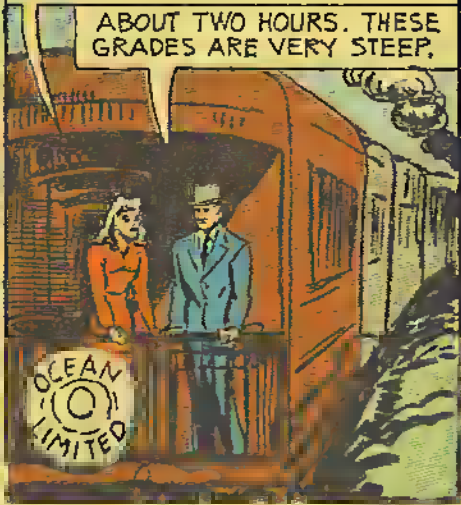
WELL, GENTLEMEN, ALL SEEMS UNDER CONTROL. I SHALL SEE YOU LATER.



WENDING THROUGH THE RAVINES OF THOSE VERY HILLS, THE OCEAN LIMITED IS BRINGING TWO VISITORS TO GULF CITY—

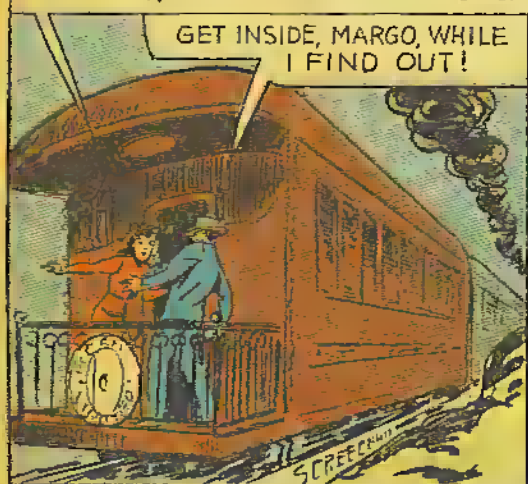
HOW MUCH LONGER BEFORE WE REACH GULF CITY, LAMONT?

ABOUT TWO HOURS. THESE GRADES ARE VERY STEEP.



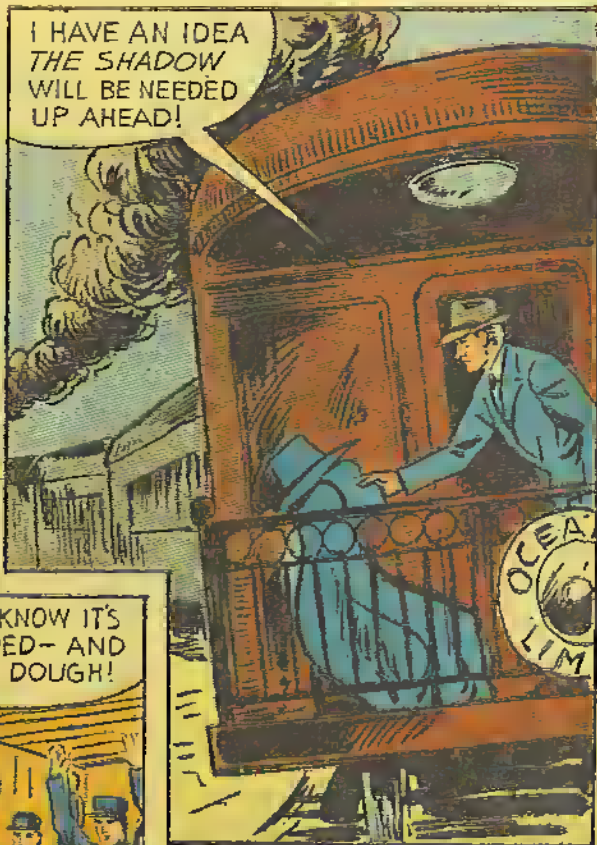


NEARLY TWO HOURS LATER—  
WHY- WHY, WHAT STOPPED US SO SUDDENLY?



GET INSIDE, MARGO, WHILE  
I FIND OUT!

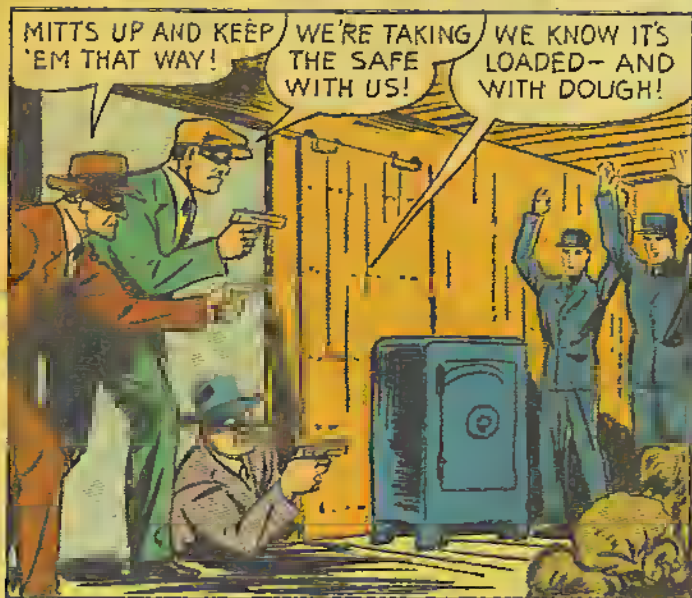
I HAVE AN IDEA  
THE SHADOW  
WILL BE NEEDED  
UP AHEAD!



MITTS UP AND KEEP  
'EM THAT WAY!

WE'RE TAKING  
THE SAFE  
WITH US!

WE KNOW IT'S  
LOADED- AND  
WITH DOUGH!



SAY- WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
HERE?

HOW DID THAT  
CYCLONE GET  
IN HERE?

IT MUST HAVE  
JUST BLEW!



— AND I WAS RIGHT!







AND LOOK  
AT THOSE  
BIRDS BLOW!

IT'S THE  
SHADOW!

KEEP GOING!

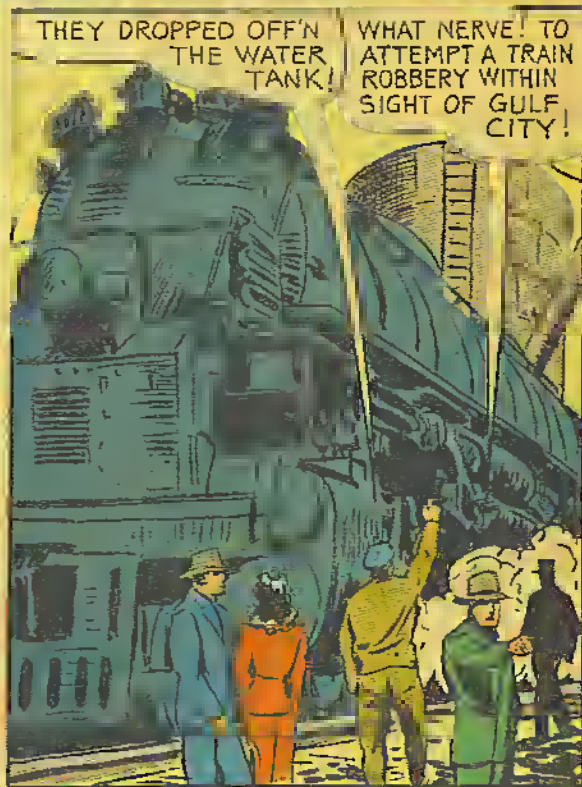


NOW TO  
CHANGE  
BACK TO  
MY OTHER  
SELF!



WE ARE IN  
SIGHT OF  
GULF CITY,  
MARGO!

BUT WHAT HAS  
THAT TO DO WITH  
IT?



THEY DROPPED OFF 'N  
THE WATER  
TANK!

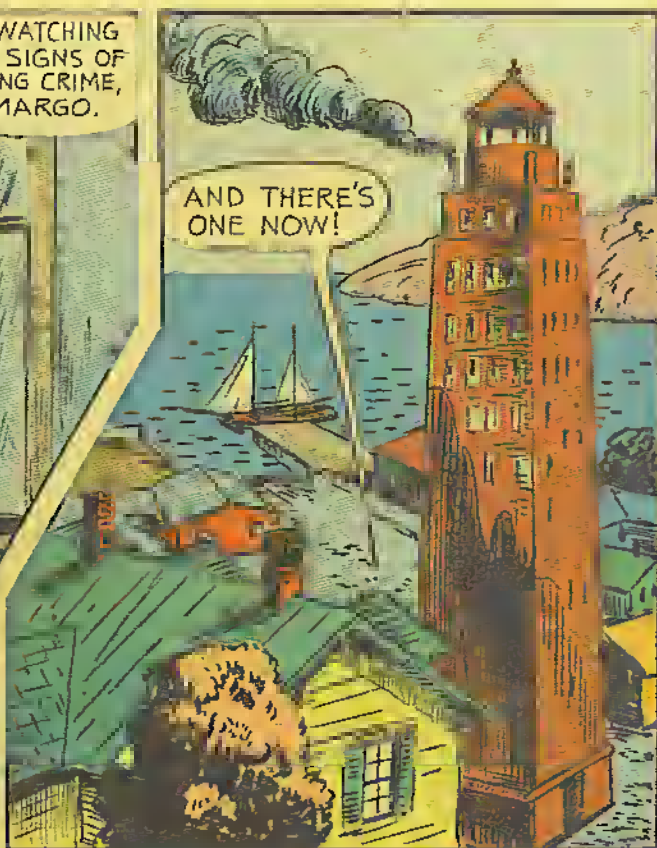
WHAT NERVE! TO  
ATTEMPT A TRAIN  
ROBBERY WITHIN  
SIGHT OF GULF  
CITY!



THREE DAYS IN GULF CITY  
AND ALL YOU'VE DONE IS  
KEEP STARING FROM THE  
WINDOW.

I'M WATCHING  
FOR SIGNS OF  
COMING CRIME,  
MARGO.

AND THERE'S  
ONE NOW!



BUT-WHAT—

THIS TIME THE  
CRIME IS DUE  
IN THE HARBOR!  
HURRY!

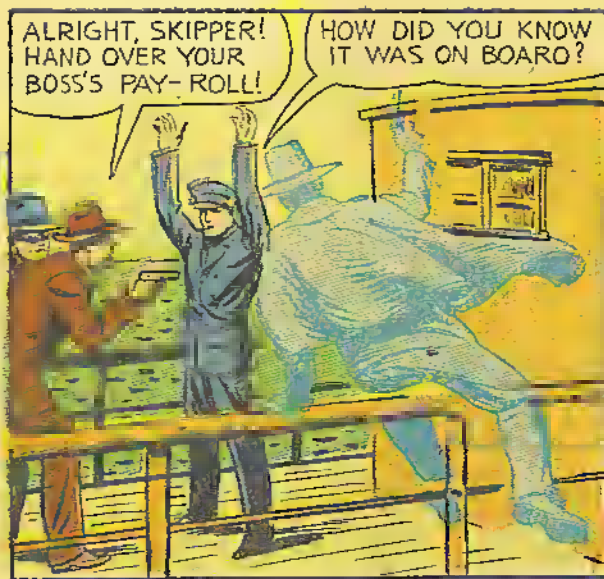


TAKE THE WHEEL OF  
THIS SPEED BOAT AND  
HEAD FOR THE YACHT  
THAT IS COMING  
HARBOR.



THEY'VE TRIED ROBBERY,  
BANDITRY- AND NOW  
PIRACY! BUT THIS IS  
THEIR LAST TRY!





ALRIGHT, SKIPPER!  
HAND OVER YOUR  
BOSS'S PAY-ROLL!

HOW DID YOU KNOW  
IT WAS ON BOARD?



HERE'S SOMETHING YOU  
DIDN'T EXPECT ON BOARD!

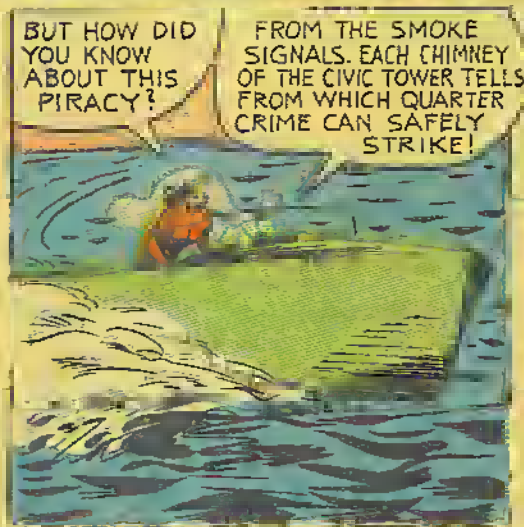
THE SHADOW!

LET'S  
GO



THERE  
THEY GO!

ALRIGHT!  
WE'LL FOLLOW!



BUT HOW DID  
YOU KNOW  
ABOUT THIS  
PIRACY?

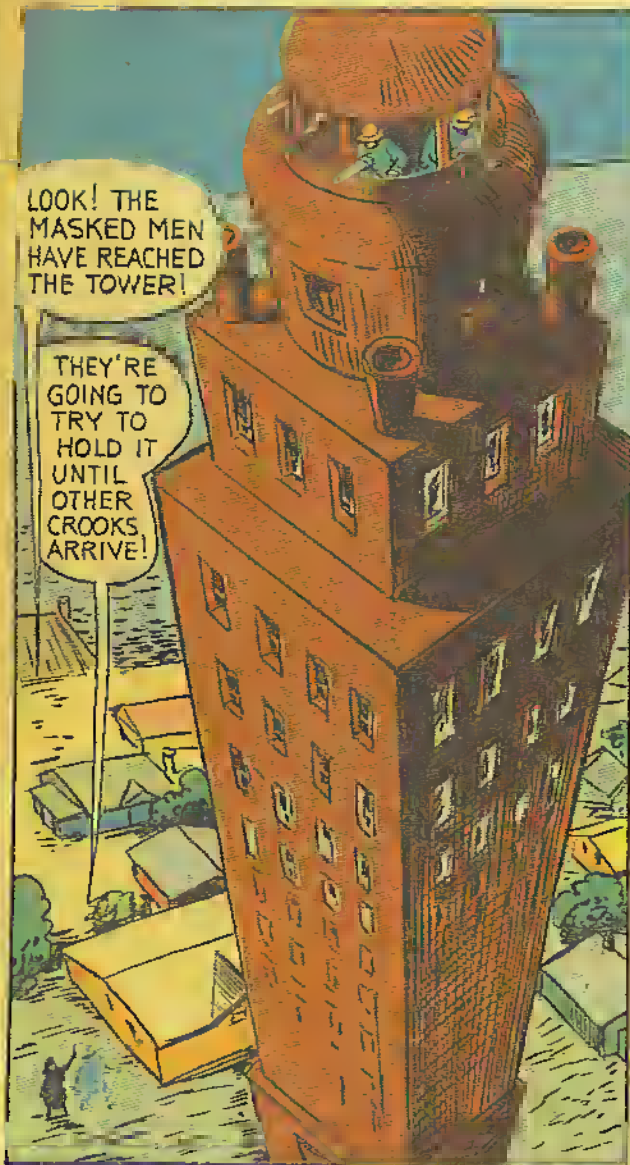
FROM THE SMOKE  
SIGNALS. EACH CHIMNEY  
OF THE CIVIC TOWER TELLS  
FROM WHICH QUARTER  
CRIME CAN SAFELY  
STRIKE!



WHY THAT'S RIGHT!  
SMOKE WAS COMING  
FROM THE *HILL*  
CORNER WHEN  
THEY TRIED TO  
ROB THE TRAIN

AND IT'S STILL  
COMING FROM THE GULF  
CORNER WHERE THE  
ATTEMPT AT PIRACY  
JUST FAILED!





LOOK! THE MASKED MEN HAVE REACHED THE TOWER!

THEY'RE GOING TO TRY TO HOLD IT UNTIL OTHER CROOKS ARRIVE!

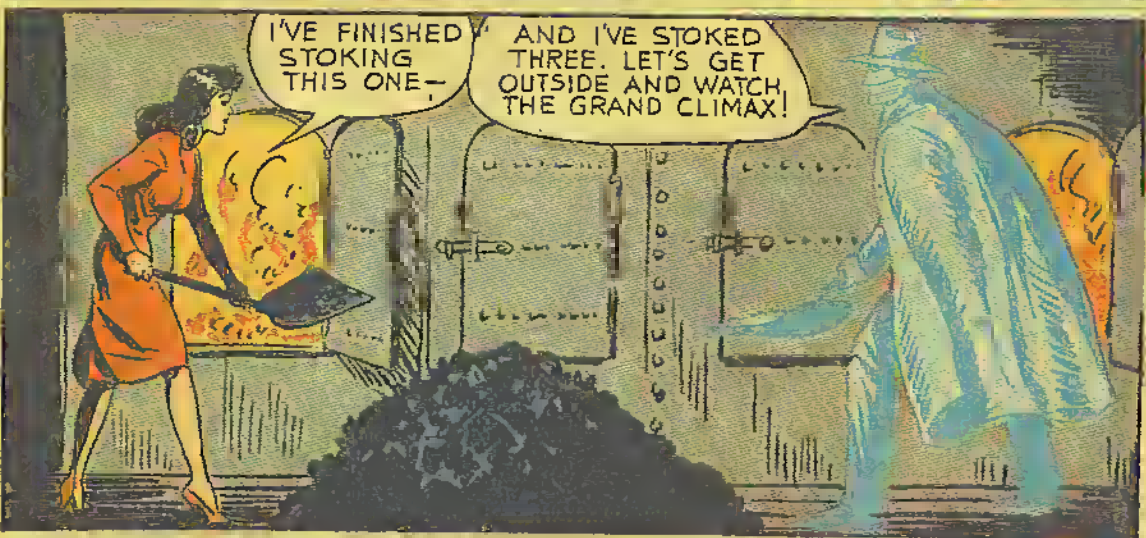
BUT HOW CAN YOU GET UP TO THE TOWER IF THEY'VE BARRICADED IT?

WE'RE NOT GOING UP TO THE TOWER!



WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE BASEMENT WHERE THE FURNACES ARE. COME ON.


I'M BEGINNING TO GET A GLIMMER!




I'VE FINISHED STOKING THIS ONE—

AND I'VE STOKED THREE. LET'S GET OUTSIDE AND WATCH THE GRAND CLIMAX!






CAUGHT BY THE SWIRLING BREEZE,  
THE DISGORGED SMOKE COMPLETELY  
FILLS THE OPEN TOWER, THREATENING THE  
BARRICADED CROOKS WITH SUFFOCATION!!!



THERE GOES WILSHAM!  
THEY HAULLED HIM OFF  
A LEDGE!

HE WAS LUCKIER  
THAN SOME OF THE  
OTHERS!


WHOEVER STARTED  
THOSE FURNACES MUST  
HAVE KNOWN HE'D  
SMOKE OUT WILSHAM  
TOO!



THERE THEY  
COME - AND HOW!

WILSHAM IS  
WITH THEM!

HE WAS THE  
BIG SHOT WHO  
KEPT THEM  
POSTED!



I WONDER WHO DID KNOW,  
MARGO! THINK IT COULD  
HAVE BEEN *THE SHADOW*!

GIVE OR SELL IT!  
SORT AND BUNDLE  
BROWN PAPER, BAGS,  
CORRUGATED BOXES  
WASTEBASKET SCRAPS  
OLD NEWSPAPERS  
OLD MAGAZINES  
CALL YOUR  
SALVAGE COMMITTEE  
TODAY!